

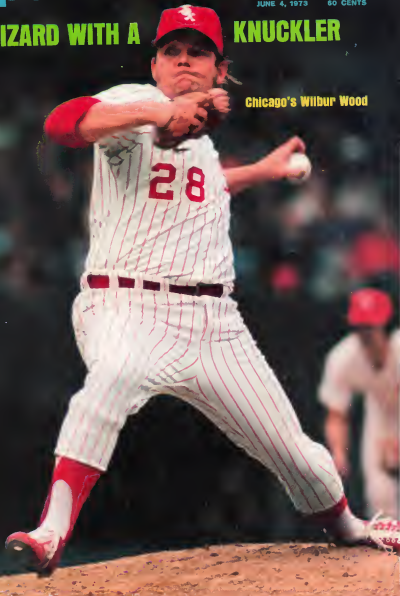
Sports Illustrated

JUNE 4, 1973

60 CENTS

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Chicago's Wilbur Wood



Par 4...427 Yards.



be there in two with a set of all new MacGregor Tourneys.

MacGregor Tourneys...first with a wider sweetspot in both woods and irons.

Three things happen to a ball hit on the sweetspot. It flies right where it's aimed; it has backspin and loft; it goes a long way. You can feel the entire club working with you to produce a long, accurate, controlled shot.

Tourney. The sweet set.

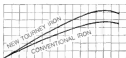
Tourney is more than just another set of clubs. Tourney is the first matched set of woods and irons with a wider sweetspot designed into every club.

In each new Tourney wood and iron, the club head has been completely redesigned and precisely balanced by scientifically positioning weight in the critical heel and toe areas. This unique concept of weight distribution extends the sweetspot across the entire face of every club and has a

stabilizing effect on the club head, holding it square even on shots hit off center. Tourney makes it easy to hit the sweetspot and achieve the feel of total ball control.

Sweetspot plus.

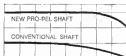
Tourney's new head design also concentrates weight towards the sole of the iron. This, combined with Tourney's new sole configuration reduces "turf drag," helps get the ball up faster, and causes the ball to actually fly higher with more backspin. In effect, the sweetspot has not only been widened... but lowered too! This results in shots that easily clear sand and water to land softly and hold the green.



TRAJECTORY COMPARISON

Less hosel. Less distraction.

Tourney irons present a clean, flowing line from grip to club head. In the address position, the golfer sees only what he should see... the ball.



SHAFT FLEX COMPARISON

New club. New shaft.

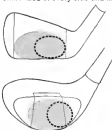
Tourney's new Pro-Pel lightweight steel shaft concentrates the flex toward the club head. This creates a tremendous release of energy as the club strikes the ball. The result is faster club head speed at impact producing greater distance.

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Professional golfers know that the longer the ball remains on the club face at impact, the more feel and control they have and the more ball compression they achieve. Forgings keep the ball on the club face longer, maximizing control, accuracy and distance. Forgings for a reason... feel and performance.

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SWEETSPOT COMPARISON
Dotted area shows conventional sweetspot. Shaded area shows new Tourney sweetspot.

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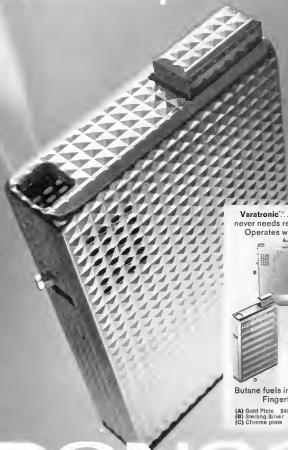
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Next week

MIGHTY OAKMONT, site of the U.S. Open, is surreal in Artist Don Moss' view, but its fast greens and 187 bunkers are all too real for defending champ Jack Nicklaus and challengers.

THE THOUGHTS OF PENNY Twedy include the dream of breeding classic horses for classic races—e.g., Secretariat. Martha Guffy portrays the doyenne of Meadow Stable.

DREAMS OF GLORY possessed the bonus pitcher as he set forth to join the McCook (Neb.) Braves. Pat Jordan tells his own story—one of high hopes dashed in a flat land.

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PHOTOGRAPHY YEAR 1973 EDITION



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**New Cameras . . . New Equipment . . . New Ideas . . .
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It's about time someone took photography seriously enough to issue a photo annual in permanent, hardbound form—so you can use it like a reference work, again and again. Now it's available—*Photography Year 1973*—compiled by the same people who made the Life Library of Photography one of the best-selling photo libraries.

Measuring 10 1/4" x 10 1/4", with 234 pages, *Photography Year 1973* has over 300 photographs (a third in full color) and rounds up all the year's important photo news in one convenient package. Here's a sampling of what you'll find in this handsome volume:

MAJOR SHOWS: Retrospectives of the work of Paul Strand and the late Diane Arbus . . . The Best of Photokina, the Cologne photo fair, with selections from two of the fair's 10 photo exhibits.

DISCOVERIES: An overview of the work of four promising young photographers just coming into their own—John Banaski, Judy Dater, Yasuhiro Iwano and Carl Toth.

TECHNOLOGY: All about Polaroid's new SX-70 and Kodak's new Instamatic—how they were developed and how they work, with schematic drawings, plus other new cameras and equipment.

AWARDS: The winning entries from the most prestigious photo competitions in the U.S., France, Germany and Japan.

BOOKS: Photo excerpts from four major books published during the year—"Andre Kertész 1912-1972," "The Photographs of Margaret Bourke-White," "Paterson" by George A. Tate and "Photographs and Anti-Photographs" by Elliott Erwitt, plus a listing of 28 more.

PROJECT DOCUMERICA: Sixteen pages of color photographs selected from 47,000 photos already taken in the U.S. government's massive effort to record the condition of the American environment.

MARKETPLACE: A look at the rapid growth of galleries that specialize in the sale of photographic prints . . . How and why more and more photographers are publishing their own books.

TRIBUTE: The work of three photographers—two American and one English—who died prematurely in 1972—Ralph Eugene Meatyard, Tony Ray-Jones and Arthur Ruckerby.

CALENDAR: A listing of 65 important photographic exhibitions, meetings and other events scheduled for '73 in U.S. and abroad.

Photography Year 1973 costs just \$9.95 plus shipping and handling, and you can examine it for 10 days free, without obligation to buy. Simply complete and return the order card attached or, if the card is missing, use the coupon at right.



Polaroid's SX-70 pocket color camera (top left) provided the year's biggest technical breakthrough, the striking portrait (above) by Ryszard S. Kozminski. David Octavian White Award, and Dove Kennedy's Vietnam photographs, one of which is shown here, won him a Pulitzer Prize.

\$25,000 FIRST PRIZE

TIME LIFE BOOKS is now sponsoring the LIFE Bicentennial Photography Contest for amateur and professional photographers. Top prize in the competition, which closes July 4, 1973, is \$25,000 and a total of \$47,000 in cash prizes will be awarded. Winning photos in both the amateur and professional categories will be published in *Photography Year 1974*. When you send us your order for this year's annual, you will also receive an official entry form for the contest, plus full instructions and rules.

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mum of \$225) of repair bills from \$1 to \$300. The company will do its darndest to have your money to you within 21 days of receiving your paid receipts.

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the Plan from Ford.

Some useful extras. When you buy the insurance policy, you'll also

for families car on vacation.

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**Our goal:
No unhappy owners.**



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(we listen better)

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BOOKTALK

Ocean roting made deceptively simple
er, yee yachies, hence the man down

People are crossing oceans these days in everything from yachts to jeeps, but perhaps few of them seem to enjoy themselves. They treat their voyages like Everests to be conquered, and then go on to write stiff-upper-lip specials that pall. Now, for something a little different, we have Dick Zantinger, who sailed around the world aboard a 35-foot sloop. He has written a book (*Log of the Molly Brown*, Westover Publishing Co., Richmond, Va., \$9.95) that sounds like a 31,000-mile pub crawl.

As Zantinger explains it, he refused to join the ranks of "yachies" who mistreat the world's ports, a yachty being a vagabond sailor who lives by his wits, a sailboat bum who lives by other people's bread.

Born and raised on the shores of the Chesapeake—and an expert sailor—Zantinger took leave of his excellence long enough to get lost with the *Molly Brown* in the Atlantic and later to have to ask the way to the Panama Canal. Which means, as you can guess, he takes ocean walloping pretty casually. He certainly makes it sound deceptively simple: "You could always get from port to port by sheer instinct for self-preservation and, of course, a bit of luck," he says. "If charts were available and the running lights worked, O.K. If not, it was still O.K. You just made do and enjoyed the scenery."

Skirting a tempting shore on the lonely coast of Australia, Zantinger and crew stop to picnic. When the weather turns inclement, making *Molly Brown's* run for her next port an uncomfortable dead beat to windward, Zantinger merely turns and comfortably reaches elsewhere, even though it may be a thousand miles off course. Wherever he sails, the happy-go-lucky author finds a roving good time. He leaves Comic in Panama. Gail joins him in Durban, replacing Maryrose, who came aboard in the Galapagos to cruise with him across the Pacific.

Everywhere, the beer flows by the bucketful. At Panama Zantinger and friends save the leaky schooner *Pile* by lightning her cargo of Tuborg beer. At Makatea they wash down roast pig with tubs, a fermented coconut brew. Moors the author, outward bound across the wide Indian Ocean with out a drop of whiskey (the money had run out in Bali). "... it is like crossing the U.S. in a covered wagon without stopping at a single saloon."

In his future Zantinger sees a bigger boat, one that will carry him and a band of good types to Cape Horn and Pitcairn, with stops in Indonesia and Africa on the return leg. In between he is giving thought to a layover in Red China. Not because it is there, or any such high-flown nonsense, but because he hears they've got a great thing in rice wine.

—HUGH D. WHALE

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WETHEAD



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Bob Edwin after
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Jerry Kohl after
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Joe Hanrahan after
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SCORECARD

Edited by MARTIN AUNE

THE QUICK AND THE DEAD

One of the more spurious pretensions of baseball has been proved over many years, the pretense goes on. Hitherto the changes have been on a season-to-season basis, at one time favoring the pitchers, the next favoring the hitters. Now it appears that in the American League this year at least three teams are concerned about the difference in liveliness, size and method of distribution of two quite different baseballs presently in use.

There are indications that two American League East teams—Milwaukee and Cleveland—are using a livelier ball, put together in Haiti, in their home games. The Red Sox, on the other hand, receive only the comparatively dead ball manufactured in the U.S. Both baseballs are used by Spalding-Reach, but one is stamped "Made in the U.S." while the other, zipper, model bears the marking "Made in the U.S.—sewn in Haiti."

Last time the Red Sox were in Cleveland, the home club, as is league custom, supplied them with six dozen balls for batting practice. The balls came in a plain red box with no markings. Those the Red Sox get at home come in boxes plainly marked with the maker's name.

When the Sox returned to Boston they brought back with them five dozen of the Cleveland balls. They decided to use the "Haiti" balls in a four-game series with the Indians at Fenway Park. The Sox won three and tied one, which may or may not be relevant, but now they are investigating further.

Some eyebrows have been lifted in recent weeks over the number of homers that are being hit in the American League. As of a recent date, there had been 379 homers in 244 games, compared with 284 last season. One might think that the increase in home runs derives from the designated hitter rule. Not so. The designated hitters—at least in the A.L. East—are not hitting a lot of homers. Still, present indications are that if the

current pace continues there will be a 25% increase in home runs in the league this year.

Carlton Fisk, the Red Sox catcher, says he finds considerable difference in the two balls.

"One feels bigger than the other," he maintains. "Maybe it's because of the seams, the way it's sewn."

"The Haiti ball is tighter," according to Eddie Popowski, third-base coach for the Sox. "At least that's the way it seems to me. It's got to be livelier."

WINNERS WEEPERS

Impressed by professional football's technique for strengthening its weak teams by giving them early draft choices, Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles has come up with a plan for spreading the talent more evenly in college football, too.

Noting that the top 20 college teams stay virtually the same, Broyles observed that "the only team I can think of that really cracked the top 20 in the last five or 10 years was Arizona State."

"Colleges can't conduct a draft such as the pros do to strengthen weak teams because we would be depriving a player of his right to choose a school," he said. "But there are other means."

He suggests that a basic 22 scholarships be allowed for every college team. For each game a team loses three additional scholarships would be permitted. An undefeated team would thus be allowed 22, a once-beaten team 25, a twice-beaten team 28 and so on, all the way up to 55 scholarships for the 11-game loser.

Granting that the plan rewards ineptitude and penalizes success, Broyles nevertheless holds that "it's the only way to even things up."

A PICTURE IS WORTH 52

In a successful attempt to block a proposed \$2 fishing license for youths up to the age of 16, a Pennsylvania state senator jerked tears from the eyes of his colleagues by recalling those Norman Rock-

well paintings of barefoot small boys in T-shirts fishing in the creek. Such scenes, said Senator Henry G. Hager, would be gone for all time if kids had to lay out \$2 for fishing licenses.

Less sentimental was Senator Franklin Kury, who pointed out that youngsters under 16 now catch 30% of the state's trout. They ought to chop in something for restocking, he felt.

But the senate, by a 26-20 vote, agreed with Hager, and added 40c to a proposed \$2 increase for resident adult fishing licenses, bringing their cost to \$7.40.

TV TANTRUM

Angered over the outcome of a baseball game between the San Francisco Giants and the Houston Astros, Gerald Bishop, sports-minded resident of a Redding, Calif. mobile-home community, picked up his .30 caliber rifle and fired 17 shots into or about his television set. One stray



bullet penetrated the wall of a neighbor's home as a 70-year-old lady sat knitting in the living room, thereby startling her into dropping a stitch.

What gripped Bishop was that the Giants had tied the score at 7-7 only to have Jimmy Wynn hit a ninth-inning home run to win for the Astros 8-7.

Bishop was still seething when put into a police car, where he complained it was too hot and petulantly kicked out the back window.

"Didn't you ever want to shoot your

continued

TV?" he demanded in a reasonable way. There was no television set in the cell to which he was assigned.

A ROOM WITH A POINT OF VIEW

Willie Mays' heart may or may not be long to New York, but his archives will be housed in San Francisco where he spent most of his playing years as a member of the Giants. A Willie Mays Trophy Room is being established as a museum to display his personal gear, films, tapes, books, magazines, awards, photographs, paintings and press clippings.

The question has arisen as to what will be left for Cooperstown's Hall of Fame. The answer, there's plenty to go around.

Also going around is the funny feeling that San Francisco has no Joe DiMaggio Trophy Room.

HARNESS HELP WANTED

A pilot program to train Vietnam veterans and disadvantaged persons for careers in the standardbred industry has been started by Bernard Hammer, executive secretary of the Pennsylvania Harness Racing Commission. The commission hopes thereby to ease the unemployment problem and increase the number of skilled grooms available.

Chances for trainees to become grooms are almost 100%, Hammer said.

"When a man leaves our training program," he promised, "he will have a thorough understanding of every phase of harness racing. We will screen them to find the best prospects, with priority openings going to disadvantaged persons or veterans who either have a background in caring for horses or those showing a deep interest in horses." The program, a special 12-week course developed by Penn State University, is open to both men and women. The Animal Science Extension of the university will provide instruction in the feeding, management, conformation and breeding of horses.

A STAR IS ABOUT TO BE BORN

When baseball holds its annual free-agent draft June 5, first choice is expected to be David Clyde, a left-handed pitcher from Houston's Westchester High School. Tales about Clyde are as tall as those about every team phenom from Clint Harington to Nolan Ryan.

He has pitched eight no-hitters, including two in a row, and has averaged two strikeouts per inning this season.

Lou Fitzgerald, a Phillies scout, watched Clyde pitch recently but said, "I don't know why I'm here. We won't get a shot at him. We don't draft until second."

Said Dodger Scout Ben Wade: "David Clyde is the best-looking pitching prospect I've seen in the free-agent field. I mean the best ever, and I've seen a lot of them. I just wish we had a chance at him, but he'll be long gone by the time we get to draft."

There is little doubt that Clyde will be drafted by the Texas Rangers, who desperately need pitchers. But will they send him to the minors for seasoning?

"It would be a waste of time to send Clyde to the minors," says Doug Osburn, a Rice University baseball coach who has followed Clyde since his Little League days. "He knows everything there is to know about baseball. About all he could learn in the minors is how to order meals on the road."

SERMON FROM AN ANGEL

For Paul Deese, general manager of the Salt Lake Angels of the Pacific Coast League, the designated hitter rule is not change enough.

"What we need most," he says, "is a substitution rule that gives us the high degree of excellence on offense and defense that one finds in college and professional football. When a fan spends part of his entertainment dollar to see professional sports, he expects excellence everywhere."

"When an athlete is acquired for college or pro football he is secured to play offense or defense and usually a particular position. A baseball athlete, in addition to playing defense, must hit, run bases, bunt and so on."

"Many baseball players with major-league ability in one phase of the game never make it to the top. They might be excellent hitters but can't catch or throw well. Or maybe they are terrific on defense but can't hit well."

"How many baseball athletes do we have like Maury Wills, who made Walter O'Malley a bundle just on base stealing, who never see the top because they can't hit well or are not strong on defense?"

What Deese would like to see is a baseball platoon system "where we would have the best men on defense, the best at bat and the best running the bases."

"Managers often use their best defen-

sive men in the lineup even though they sacrifice offense," says Deese. "That is one reason why a .280 hitter is considered good today where, in the old days, he'd have been shipped out."

Don't expect anything to be done about this immediately, if ever. The sport's traditionalists, who were horrified when the designated hitter rule went into effect in the American League, feel that was desecration enough. Besides, the league record books might run out of asterisks.

THE SHUCKSTERS

What were billed as the first annual world oyster shucking championships have been held on tiny Denman Island, British Columbia. The winner was 19-year-old Ken Barkley, who expertly shucked 52 oysters in five minutes, thereby winning the Oyster Challenge Bowl and \$50.

Thereafter, the crowd devoured the shucked oysters, 6,000 of them, washed down with 200 cases of mainland beer.

The world champion contented himself with a hamburger and a Coke.

"Shucks," he explained shyly (there are wines that he said it), "I never did care for oysters."

THEY SAID IT

■ Richie Schemblum, Cincinnati Reds outfielder, recalling his trade from Cleveland to Washington for cash and a player to be named later. "When the year was over they wanted to give me back as the player to be named later."

■ Jack Sharkey, former heavyweight champion, discussing his happy life in Epping, N.H.: "I've got everything I need here. The doctor lives right there across the street. The druggist is on the corner. You can see the funeral parlor from here, and the cemetery is right up the road."

■ G. Nigel Aspinall, prestigious holder of the All-England croquet title: "Croquet is to be distinguished from cricket and from chicken croquettes, which is a culinary term. It is 10 times more exciting than tiddlywinks, and I'd be very hard put to decide what is less exciting. It's been called the world's worst spectator sport."

■ Abe Lemons, ex-Oklahoma City University basketball coach, men at Pan American: "I'd rather be a football coach. That way you can lose only 11 games a season, I lost 11 games in December alone."

END

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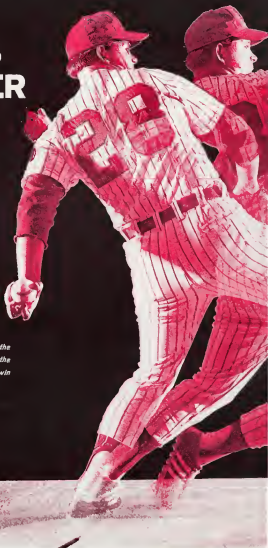
Tire and Auto Centers

Sports Illustrated

JUNE 4, 1973

WILBUR'S KNUCKLER IS ALIVE AND SWELL

*Getting the good wood on Wood has become the
nerdiest trick of the 1973 baseball season as the
White Sox magician tirelessly piles win on win*





CONTINUED

TANTALIZING, HYPNOTIZING, UNTOUCHABLE

by RON FIMRITE

Such are the physical characteristics of his species that Wilbur Wood (see cover) inevitably must look a bit more like the paunchy guy who wears his soft-ball jersey to the neighborhood bar than like the next 40-game winner in the American League. Knuckleball pitchers will look like this, for they tend to run to age and fat and ordinariness. But appearances are deceiving and knuckleballers are nothing if not deceptive.

Their chief deception, of course, is the pitch they throw. It comes to the batter more like a balloon than a missile and it dances before his eyes, tantalizing, hypnotizing, untouchable. With it and it alone, the Wilbur Woods of this world reach for immortality.

Wood, a plump left-hander for the Chicago White Sox, probably will not win 40 games this year. He may not even win 30, even though he had 11 by the Sox' 37th game and is on a schedule that has him starting with only two days' rest about half the time. But he cannot be diminished in the eyes of the bewildered batsmen who have been flailing away futilely at his phantom deliveries.

"I tell you the sensation I get," says Gene Tenace of the Oakland A's. "I see the ball floating up and then I swing. I get a feeling that the bat has made a ripple in the air and has caused the ball to wriggle like a roundworm."

"We batters work hard at polishing our skills," said Mike Epstein of the California Angels after a frustrating afternoon of chasing Wood's wriggles. "We learn through patience and practice to hit the fastball, the curve, the slider. Then, feeling fully prepared, we go out there and face the thing Wood throws. It looks like a batting practice pitch—soft, tempting. Like the one he struck me out with today, it breaks three or four directions. I didn't know where it was headed. The catcher, I'm sure, didn't know where it was headed. And I'm pretty certain not even Wood knew where it was headed."

There is much truth in this final assumption. Knuckleball pitchers can never be really positive about the destination of their pitches, for as Wood him-

self has observed, "We just aim it for the middle of the plate and hope like hell it goes somewhere before it gets there."

For someone with such a tentative sense of direction, Wood throws with uncanny accuracy. It is his control, in fact, that sets him apart from his fellow knuckleballers, most of whom are of the pitch and pray persuasion. Last year, when he won 24 games, he unintentionally walked only 74 batters in 377 innings, an average of 1.76 bases on balls per nine innings. For the year he averaged a walk for every 20 1/2 batters faced. He pitched 10 walkless games, and in one stretch pitched in nine straight games without walking more than one man. He is maintaining a similar ratio this year

Wood began as a normal pitcher. When he was signed out of high school in Belmont, Mass., by the Red Sox for "a substantial bonus," he was strictly an orthodox fastball-curveball man. He discovered, however, that while he could win in the minor leagues with this conventional repertoire, he could not fool anyone in the big time. In 1967, after compiling an unimpressive record of one win and eight losses in five part-time major league seasons, he executed a prodigious leap of faith—or desperation—he would abandon the hummer and the curve for the knuckler, a pitch he had dabbled with since junior high school. He was aided in this dramatic transformation by the game's most famous



with only 20 walks in 117-plus innings.

"Obviously, the knuckleball makes Wilbur effective," says Paul Blair of the Baltimore Orioles, "but what makes him even more effective is the fact that he throws it over for strikes. It never goes the same way, but it is always in the strike zone."

Unlike some more timorous knuckleball pitchers, Wood will throw his pitch when he is trailing a hitter three balls and one strike. He insists that he uses the knuckler only about 80% of the time, but hitters protest that the percentage is closer to 100. "When he threw me a fastball today," said Epstein, "it was the first time I had ever seen one from him. It took me totally by surprise."

Surprise is another element in Wood's favor. He throws his fastball as a changeup—indeed, it is thrown about as hard as an ordinary changeup. What makes it deceptive is that it comes in straight.

In this sense, Wood plays the same role the fireballer does. He challenges the hitter with one pitch, then fools him with a change of speed—in his case, from slow to fast.

knuckleballer, Hoyt Wilhelm, who was then a teammate of Wood's with the White Sox.

"It was a make or break year for me," Wood recalls, speaking in a New England accent that turns r's into a's and h's into g's. "I had to find out more about the pitch. Hoyt, you might say, showed me the ins and outs. I had been able to throw good knucklers before, but when I did, I could never tell why. Hoyt showed me why."

"The release, you see, is everything. You must try to release each pitch the same way. It's a very fine point, but you have to find the spot to let it go. You throw it just like a fastball, only at three-quarter speed. There should be no strain on the shoulder and the elbow. Ideally, there should be no wrist break. This means the ball will not rotate. A really

continued

Wood (upper left) and Eddie Fisher, flanking Johnny Sain, are the knuckler half of the Sox starting staff. Their pitches go into known-where, so Ed Hermann uses the bigger glove.





Atlanta's Phil Niekro is a fingerball artist.

good pitch makes no more than 1½ revolutions. The wind will affect the ball when it is not rotating, causing it to change directions. You will get more break if the wind is blowing in your face, but if it is blowing behind you, your control will be better. Phil Niekro tells me the pitch even works fine in the Astrodome."

Simple enough. Then why are there so few knuckleballers if, as they say, the thing is practically unhittable? There are only four steady practitioners in the major leagues today—Wood; his teammate and confidant, Eddie Fisher, Niekro of Atlanta; and Charlie Hough of the Dodgers, who, at 25, is something of an anomaly in what is basically an over-30 fraternity. Burt Hooton of the Cubs throws what he calls a "knuckle curve," but in terms of grip, delivery, speed and rotation, he is excluded. His is not a knuckleball at all, merely an aberrant curve. But why are the ranks so closed?

"The knuckleball pitcher," says Wood, "really has three strikes against him from the beginning. His high school coach looks for guys who can throw with velocity. That's one strike. The scouts

only want to see a kid who can throw the ball through walls. That's strike two. And say you are signed as an off-speed pitcher. Then you have to be successful right away or they won't believe in you. That's strike three. And you're out. Out of a job. We are the victims of circumstances."

Johnny Sain, the White Sox's celebrated pitching coach, would add strike four—the average player's inability to conquer both the pitch and his emotions. Knuckleballers frequently do not master their art until late in their pitching lives, which is one reason for their apparent longevity, the other being the relative ease with which they throw the ball.

Of the current knuckleballers, only young Hough is relatively new to the pitch. Fisher, like Wood, threw his as a youngster. Although his baseball coach at the University of Oklahoma advised him it was "an old man's pitch," Fisher continued to use it on the sly, and now in what may be considered his old age depends on it almost exclusively. Niekro learned his knuckler as a 12-year-old from his coal miner father in Ohio.

"Very few pitchers make a living throwing the knuckleball," says Sain, "simply because they can't make it work. Not many pitchers start out with it, and you can't expect to pick it up overnight. There will be a period when they will beat the daylight out of you. In addition, the off-speed, maneuvering type of pitcher must control his feelings. He must be able

to cope with failure. It is most important for him to keep a cool head. Emotion is sometimes an asset for a power pitcher. It gets the old adrenalin going. But a knuckleball pitcher must always have that delicate release."

"You have to have more of a feel for the ball, throwing the knuckleball," says Fisher. "You must feel it from the fingertips to the shoulder."

Fingertips? Yes, the term knuckleball is a misnomer. Knuckleballers, perhaps from the very beginning, have gripped the ball with the tips of their fingers on the soft part of the ball behind the seams. The ball only appears to be held by the knuckles, since the fingertips are barely visible. Such master practitioners as Wilhelm, who has the major league record for total pitching appearances (1,070), and Emil (Dutch) Leonard, who won 191 games, spent as much time as any suburban housewife filing nails. "It's not unusual for me to stop a game for a moment," says Niekro, "so I can bite a fingernail to get it just the right length."

The grip is only one of several popular misconceptions about knuckleball pitching. Not all knuckleballers are tubby, for example. Just most of them. And not all of them are ancient, although Wilhelm was pitching at 49 and Leonard at 44. Wood, for one, is a boyish 31 and Fisher is a mere strapping 36. Another incorrect notion is that those who use the pitch are best left in the bullpen. True, Wilhelm was a perennial reliever, but in the middle of his seemingly interminable career he was a starter with Baltimore, winning 15 games in 1959. Wood himself was a reliever—he set an American League record by appearing in 88 games five years ago—before a new Sox manager, Chuck Tanner, converted him to a starter in 1971. And so was Fisher.

But of the four leading knuckleballers today, only Hough is a full-time relief pitcher. For most of his lengthy career Leonard was a starter and so were "Fat Freddie" Fitzsimmons, who included the pitch in his vast arsenal, and the knuckleballers of antiquity, Eddie Rommel and Tom Seaton.

The quintessential knuckleball pitching staff was the one employed by the Washington Senators in 1944 and '45. The four principal starting pitchers on those teams—Leonard, Roger Wolff, Johnny Niggeling and Mickey Haefner—were all knuckleballers, a freak of circumstance that did not boost the war-



L.A.'s Charlie Hough is new to the act.

time morale of the Senators' catcher, Rick Ferrell. Now a vice-president of the Detroit Tigers, Ferrell was in Chicago last week, and watching Wood dish out all those dipping, darting pitches dredged up terrifying memories, for if there is one eternal verity in knuckleballdom it is the catcher's dread of what his pitcher is doing to him.

"I have known good catchers," said Ferrell, "who have refused to catch a knuckleball pitcher. There is no question that the pitch can make you look bad. The passed ball is always a possibility. Because the knuckleball is slow, base runners try to steal on it. And since you never really know where it's going, you can get hurt trying to catch it."

"Consider the job I had back in the '40s. It was not unusual for us to use our four knuckleballers in succession. After a week like that I was really back on my heels. The toughest game I ever caught was against the Yankees with Leonard pitching. The score was tied in the 11th, and DeMaggio led off with a triple. I went out to the mound to have a conference with Dutch. We decided to go all the way with the knuckleball. It was our only hope. The shadows in Yankee Stadium in those days were brutal around home plate and I knew that a passed ball would cost us the game. But we had to go with Leonard's best pitch. Well, Dutch threw something like 18 straight knucklers and we got out of the inning. But I was sweating blood when it was all over."

When Tanner, flushed with Wood's success, converted Fisher into a starter this season, the Sox' burly red-bearded catcher, Ed Herrmann, found himself with a job at least half as tough as Ferrell's. Wearing the maximum-size mitt, 38 inches in circumference, he has faced up to it bravely.

"I look for the knuckleball about five to seven feet in front of home plate," Herrmann says, betraying no sense of hysteria. "The last break should begin about then. But you never know. It might break again. Still, with the big glove I can at least get a piece of the ball. My first goal catching Woody was to go a full game without a passed ball. My ultimate goal is to catch a game without dropping the ball."

When Wood defeated Nolan Ryan of the Angels 4-1 last Thursday in what Tanner called a "classic confrontation" between the fastest pitcher in baseball and the slowest, Herrmann made it all

the way past the game's leadoff hitter before he dropped a ball. And no further in his defense. Wood's knuckler on that day was as elusive as a butterfly.

With a 12-mile wind at his back, conditions were not ideal for sharp breaks, yet Wood's pitches dropped with astonishing suddenness. Since the ball was more or less consistently breaking down, the Angels seemed unable to hit anything but ground balls. Wood himself had five assists, four in succession. He was one out from his fourth shutout when Epstein, surprising even himself, hit a solid single to score Bill Grabarkewitz, who had gotten on base with a broken-bat blooper. Through most of the game Wood looked for all the world like a man playing catch at a picnic. He hardly seemed to exert himself as, with an absolute economy of motion, he tossed the ball back and forth with Herrmann, who, for his part, escaped the embarrassment of passed balls and stolen bases.

Ferrell, watching from behind the screen at home plate, was frankly awed. "I have seen most of the great knuckle-

ballers," he said at one point, "but it is hard to say that anyone has ever been better than Wood, regardless of time or whatever."

After the game Manager Tanner made a comment in the same vein: "I just pencil in his name and Wilbur Wonderful goes out and does it."

Wilbur Wonderful, meanwhile, stood by his locker, a giant stoic protruding from his round friendly face. His undershirt was soaked with perspiration, belying the impression that it had been an afternoon devoid of serious exertion. He was as amiable as ever, much the same as his look-alike in the neighborhood tavern, and he seemed unimpressed with his conquest. A visiting newsmen advised him that he would win 48 games if he simply kept producing at his current clip.

Wood adjusted the cigar and looked thoughtful, as if there was some merit to this fantastic notion.

"The win I want," he said, flattening every "a" around, "is the next one."

And the next and the next and the next and... **END**

The Cubs' Surf Hooten is denied admission to the club because his knuckles are on the ball.



A POWER HITTER GOES ON TRIAL

The graphite shaft, lighter and stronger than steel, gives golfers more distance, so much more that the USGA is taking a long, dark look at this threatening black newcomer—and could rule it illegal **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

Every morning for the past few weeks officials of the United States Golf Association have gathered in a shed on the spacious grounds of their headquarters in Far Hills, N.J. Inside stands the monster, an ugly metallic giant with what appears to be a black-shafted golf club protruding from its stomach. While one official adjusts a few dials, another places a ball on a tee. Then everyone stands back, a switch is flicked and the monster groans and swings into action. The club is taken back—a nice relaxed backswing with full extension of the club—then forward. The ball shoots out the door of the shed and off into a meadow where red flags mark off the distances. The officials watch the ball land, then record the result in their notebooks. Another

ball is teed up, and again the monster lashes at it with his black club. Another beauty. The monster is on his way to a good round.

The shaft of the club that the USGA's testing machine is swinging is made of graphite, a substance that is lighter and stronger than steel and, when combined with a heavier club head, can provide greater distance than the conventional shaft. Too much distance, perhaps. That is what the USGA wants to find out. At Far Hills the graphite shaft is on trial for its life.

One of the functions of the USGA is to inspect and rule on new equipment in order to make certain nothing is marketed that alters the basic character of the game. Invent a ball that will travel 400

yards and it will undoubtedly lead to lower scores. But the USGA feels, and rightly so, that improvement should come from the player, not from gadgetry.

"We feel that distance must be stabilized," says Frank Hannigan, assistant director of the USGA. "So far we've concentrated on the ball, but that doesn't mean we do not have the right to rule against other technical developments. It's a very delicate decision."

Meanwhile, at the Atlanta Classic last week there were several dozen black-shafted drivers in the hands of touring pros. Perhaps the foremost advocate of graphite is Gay Brewer, who began using it about a year ago.

"It felt just fine and I didn't have to make any changes in my swing," says

Exhibiting an admirably correct backswing, a graphite shaft locked in its overlapping grip, the USGA's monster prepares to swell another ball.



Brewer. "I started driving really well right off. I used to have to fade the ball to be accurate, but with graphite I find I can hit it nice and high and work it, fade it right or draw it left. The ball seems to shoot off the club head with a lot of overspin. It doesn't carry any farther than with steel, but on a firm course I seem to be getting yards more roll."

Brewer's improved tournament results have been as dramatic as the change in the trajectory of his shots. Ten weeks after switching to graphite he won the Canadian Open, his first official tour victory in five years. Later in the fall he won the \$65,000 first prize at the Japanese Masters. This year he is 14th on the money list with winnings of almost \$60,000.

While Brewer claims to be hitting his tee shots higher with graphite, Jim Colbert switched away from steel so that he could achieve a lower trajectory. "The extra overspin can help keep the ball low," says Colbert. "I haven't changed my swing at all and the club has done everything I've expected it to." Using graphite, Colbert won the Greater Jacksonville Open in March and is currently 18th on the money list with \$49,000.

But not everyone who has tried graphite is pleased with it. "I was raised on hickory, and graphite felt terrible, just like hickory," reports Bob Charles, the lefthander from New Zealand, of his brief experiment with graphite. "I certainly didn't get any extra distance."

"It offers nothing for me," says Billy Casper. "It is too touchy a club, too inaccurate. When I tried it everything squirted out low to the right. The last time I used a graphite driver my foot slipped and I tore a disk in my back. I've decided not to try it again."

Lee Trevino, golf's newest and happiest millionaire, says, "I didn't like it. It felt dead. Anyway, I figure I can hit the ball just as far with my steel shafts."

And Jim Jamieson is also a dissenter, noting, "I tried it two rounds at the Masters to get a little extra distance on the par-5 holes, but just a slight mistake can make it go way wrong. I just couldn't feel confident with it on the tight holes."

None of this discourages Jim Flood, a former stockbroker who is founder, president and part owner of Aldila Inc. of San Diego, the company that is making the graphite shaft.

"Some guys take a couple of swings, knock both shots to the right and say they don't like it," says Flood. "But it may



Glen the singer is a graphite swinger.

take a while to find the correct club. I think Casper tried shafts that were much too whippy. He's having problems with his weight and is swinging poorly, so you've got to temper his remarks."

Flood heard of the graphite fiber substance about a year ago and logically reasoned that it could be molded into golf club shafts. He rounded up a small group of investors, including Glen Campbell and Andy Williams, and Aldila was in business.

Anyone leading through his old high school physics book will be reminded that the force with which a stationary object (i.e., a golf ball) can be hit is the product of the weight of the object doing the hitting (i.e., the club head) and its velocity on impact. As for graphite itself, it is a black lustrous carbon that is mined in various parts of the country. However, the graphite used in the club shafts as well as in such products as pencils, paint pigments and foundry linings is artificially produced from petroleum coke.

"By using graphite the overall weight of a driver is reduced from 13½ ounces to 12 ounces, and thus it can be swung faster," says Flood. "Since graphite is so strong, we can also shift weight from the shaft into the club head, providing more mass at impact. With graphite the club head can weigh up to 180% more than the shaft. With steel the club head can weigh only about 45% more. A light shaft and a heavy club head also provide a golfer with another important advantage: a terrific sense of feel."

Some pros who have tried graphite point out that it is more difficult to control a shot because of the club's high torque factor, the twisting and rotation

of the club head during the swing. "It's like hickory in that regard," says Bert Yancey. "Bobby Jones was such a great player with hickory because his hand action, rhythm and timing were so delicate that he could minimize the effects of torque. Steel shafts have almost no torque. Now with graphite we are back to swinging a rock on a string."

Flood insists that the torque created by graphite is something special, that far from promoting wildness it actually improves accuracy. It does so through a process of recovery, or self-correction on impact. "If the recovery rate from the effect of torque was less than steel it would be wild," he says. But he claims this is not the case. "It recovers 100% faster than steel. We eliminate torque from the shafts that go into irons because torque reduces the backspin you need with irons, but in fairway woods and the driver you want torque."

Believers are putting their money where Jim Flood's mouth is. Aldila produced its first prototypes in April of 1972, and Flood took a quiverful of his black beauties out on the pro tour. By last December there were 10 touring pros, including Brewer, Gene Littler and Phil Rodgers, swinging black-shafted drivers. Currently, says Flood, 70 touring pros are using graphite shafts—primarily in drivers.

Graphite is making its mark among amateur golfers, too. Despite a wholesale price of \$75 per shaft—up to \$160 retail when installed—Aldila is shipping out 2,000 a day to equipment manufacturers all over the country, and to Japan as well.

"I'm amazed at the total lack of sales resistance to the price," says Joe Black, head pro at the 3,000-member Brookhaven Country Club in Dallas, which has primarily a middle-income membership. "Everyone is so pleased with the things that I can hardly keep up with the demand."

But back in Far Hills, N.J. the monster is swinging away. The USGA is testing a number of new model golf balls as well, so it will be some time before there are findings as to how much length the graphite shaft is adding to tee shots—and if that much is too much. "The other day we got a call from a man in Pennsylvania," says Frank Hannigan. "He had a chance to buy an abandoned graphite mine and he wondered what we were planning to do. I told him he'd better hold off a while."

END



Tough Long Beach gangs up on a return.

RINGING BELLS AND SPIKING DREAMS

Everybody ducked when the Freaks of San Diego State and the Jocks of Long Beach State blasted away for an NCAA title by **BARRY McDERMOTT**

team know it hurts. His eyes will water, but if he shows pain the other team will start yelling: "How does it feel? Do you like getting hit in the face? Eat leather!"

Before the spiking began, the event was assured of a measure of novelty. For the second time in its brief four-year history, the NCAA tournament had a fairly balanced geographical alignment. Army, the winner of the Eastern Collegiate Volleyball League tournament, survived some anxious travel moments to represent the East Coast in the finals, one of the few times this has happened since the game was dreamed up by a Holyoke, Mass. YMCA director back in 1895. In addition there would be a new champion, UCLA, which won the tournament the first three years but was decimated by graduation, lost to San Diego State in the finals of the district playoffs and failed to qualify. "We're building character this season," shrugged UCLA Coach Al Scates, who wishes he had Bill Walton in his lineup.

The other West Coast entry was Long Beach State, which finished first in the arduous Southern California Intercollegiate Volleyball Association, beating San Diego State in a playoff. And the fourth team was Ball State University out of Muncie, Ind., the only finalist to appear in all four NCAAAs and, behind star Dave Schakel, the only college team ever to win the Region 7 tournament of the U.S. Volleyball Association.

Volleyball has been growing steadily for the last decade, spreading from the West back across the country to its origins. To save money, Ball State's team flew youth-fare standby to San Diego, and five of the players were bumped off the flight and had to come out on a later one. Army, meanwhile, did not arrive until late Thursday night, a little over 13 hours from the start of the round-robin play scheduled Friday morning to establish seeding for the tournament finals in

the Sports Arena Saturday. The Cadets took exams from eight a.m. to noon Thursday, drove to New York, then endured a flight that lasted nine hours because of weather problems. They never really recovered and ended dead last.

San Diego State had what it thought might be the best player in the country, Duncan McFarland, a Ryan O'Neal look-alike who grew up within spiking distance of the Pacific Ocean in Los Angeles' Manhattan Beach. That is about the same as Eddie Arcaro being born and raised in the Churchill Downs paddock, for Manhattan Beach is one of the meccas of two-man volleyball, a sport that flourishes like tawny skin, bleached hair and sandals along the southern California coast. Summer tournaments draw hundreds of spectators, and McFarland's youth was spent beating against the tide of the competition, much as a young basketball player does in Harlem. "Duncan is the type of athlete who gets called a superstar," says teammate Milo Bekins. "He's always in the right place at the right time. Nobody has to tell him anything."

But McFarland was exasperated on Friday. "We've had a lot of adversity this year," he said. "The players are kind of disappointed. We've had trouble getting good practice facilities and we've had trouble getting money out of the school." The players complained it was hard to find enough practice balls during the season, that they had to drive their own cars to away games, that scholarship help was paltry and that McFarland, in spite of his rare ability, could get only a partial scholarship at a university where volleyball outdraws the basketball team. All of which means volleyball is not about to replace more familiar pastimes in the hearts of athletic directors.

There are some vague plans for a professional volleyball league to be formed in the next year, but none of the college

We all know about volleyball. It's the luncheon sport at the YMCA, the bane of pickup basketball played by pudgy businessmen over a sagging net that matches their stomachs. Back in fourth grade, Mother Superior was pretty good at it. Honest-to-goodness athletes stayed away from it in such droves that one might have supposed it caused cancer in rats. Volleyball, in short, was becoming just another American invention, like the assembly line, that the rest of the world was doing a little better.

Maybe not for long, though. Last weekend the NCAA Volleyball Championships were held in San Diego, and instead of the familiar backyard, charcoal-grill, excuse-me game, the fans saw slashing, leaping, hurtling displays that sometimes were almost brutal in their ferocity. Talk about getting your bell rung. Get hit flush in the face by a volleyball moving at more than 100 mph and you'll wonder for weeks who's at the door.

"If I hit somebody in the face, it's kind of a psych-up for my team," explains San Diego State's Chris Marlowe. "A guy who is hit doesn't want to let the other

players seemed hopeful about that. They have learned not to get overly ambitious over something the rest of the country associates with girls' recess. It is too bad, because they are superbly conditioned athletes. For example, Ball State, which eventually finished third, works out from September through May, then the players keep sharp with tournaments during the summer. And that routine is piddling compared with the rigors Long Beach State imposes on itself. That team worked out twice daily for a total of six hours five times a week for much of the year. Many players also took part in a Wednesday night pickup league and played doubles in the school gym at lunchtime. Then there was the weightlifting program and all the running and conditioning. "It surprises people that we really are athletes, and that we work hard to keep ourselves in shape," says Long Beach's Dennis Peterson, who somehow also finds time to play harmonica and piano in a rock band.

Long Beach beat San Diego State two of the three times the teams met this year. Still, they were rated as pretournament co-favorites. Although many of the players were friends from the beaches, their respective playing styles and appearance were anything but similar. Half the San Diego State players looked like Marjoe, the other half like Dr. John. With their long hair, bushy beards, bright headbands and seashell necklaces, the Aztec squad laughingly referred to itself as "The Freaks" and called the Long Beach team, anchored by Miles Pabst, a 29-year-old former Air Force jet mechanic, "The Jocks," a slightly snide reference to their zealous training methods.

Pabst fits easily into the power game devised by the 49ers coach, Randy Sandefur, who stepped down as the school basketball coach four years ago to begin the intercollegiate volleyball program. He is 6'5", jumps well and moves with the reactions of a man smaller—and younger. He had worried how his young teammates would accept him, but that was no problem. They got along, although Pabst confesses, "It does seem like I have to work a little harder to stay on top of them." Says Sandefur, "When Miles is playing well he dominates the net, like Bill Russell or Wilt Chamberlain dominated basketball games."

Pabst and Dodge Parker, acknowl-

—continued



Aztec Mike Bekins (left) and Ball State's Dave Schekel battle at the net with typical flair.

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edged as the best setter in the country, teamed up Friday night to demolish San Diego State. After winning the first game 15-10 and taking a 13-8 lead before an enthusiastic home-court crowd, San Diego's Freaks lost the second game 15-13 and then were whipped 15-7 in the third. True, it was only part of the laborious seeding process, but San Diego's mental state had to be shaken by Long Beach's comeback, plus its own inability to get its quick short-set going because of poor passing.

"Once they get down," said Parker, "it will be harder for them to get back up." Countered San Diego's Randy Stevenson: "All this means is we play at two o'clock tomorrow instead of 12:30. It's going to be the Freaks against the Jocks, and the Freaks are going to win."

As played by teams as expert as these, volleyball is a sport of anticipation, and anticipation seethed and pulsed the next night through the crowd of 7,762

the largest ever for the finals—and hung like a veil over the court. San Diego State and Long Beach State had made it to the championship game, rolling through the afternoon semifinals like twin tidal waves. Long Beach took Army 15-5, 15-1, 15-2 in the best-of-five series. The Aztecs tamed Ball State 15-5, 15-7, 15-10.

Now the Sports Arena was a joyous scene of risqué banners, painted bed sheets, inflammatory placards, bugles and air horns and megaphones and buckless hilos and quivering navel. It was a fashion show and a picnic and, for San Diego's Freaks, a seeming disaster.

Long Beach's 49ers won the opening game 15-11 and rushed ahead in the critical second 10-3. The partisan crowd turned somber. Parker, who had the touch of a man splitting diamonds, was setting up Pabst for slashing spikes that were shredding the Aztec defense. But suddenly fatigue set in—on old man Pabst. He was forced for a while to rest on the sidelines. His weariness had prompted five straight San Diego points and a rejuvenation in the stands. Bathed in a contagious roar, the Aztecs came alive and battled to a 15-13 victory.

Now the home team was moving. As the crowd's enthusiasm mounted, San Diego whipped out a 15-8 win, and then gained the title on Mike Core's spike that ended a 15-6 victory in the fourth game. Thousands spilled onto the floor. Volleyball, American-style, had entered a new dimension.

END

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END OF A BLOODY BAD SHOW

Even by Chicago gangland standards, the brother-against-brother vendetta was a shocker—certainly to the horse show world in which the murders and mayhem occurred

by ROBERT H. BOYLE and ALICE HIGGINS

For all its social cachet, the horse show ring is viciously competitive, a fact of which everyone was abruptly reminded last week in Chicago when still another chapter was written in the bloodiest feud in all sports. Silas Jayne, prominent horse trainer and dealer, was sentenced to six to 20 years for conspiring to murder his late brother George, also a well-known horseman and a licensed judge of the American Horse Shows Association. Si Jayne's lawyer, F. Lee Bailey, announced that he would file an appeal in what he called "the most bizarre murder case I've ever seen"—quite an accolade from the defender of the Boston Strangler, Dr. Sam Sheppard and posoner Dr. Carl Coppolino.

Also sentenced by Judge Richard Fitz-

gerald in Cook County Criminal Court were Si's accomplices: Joe LaPlaca, 50, self-employed carpet layer, admitted perjurer, convicted counterfeiter of federal reserve notes and sometime polo player, and Julius Barnes, 39, a glue-roll operator for a Stockyards meat-processing plant and the trigger man who gunned down George Jayne. The former received six to 20 years for conspiring to commit murder and the latter 25 to 35 years for homicide. (The defense is going to be busy come appeal time. A federal grand jury in Florida has indicted Bailey on 28 counts of mail fraud, and his associate, Gerald Aich, who defended LaPlaca, put in a good deal of time on national TV last week explaining to a Senate committee his version of his relationship with ex-

client James McCord, the Watergate wiretapper.)

Pending Bailey's appeal, Si Jayne is not free. Cook County prosecutors Nicholas Motherway and James Schreier recommended the maximum sentence, though it is unlikely Jayne will spend a full 20 years in jail. Marion Jayne, George's widow, says, "I can only feel safe, and feel my children are safe, as long as Si is in jail" and a look at the record shows her point to be well taken. Si Jayne's vendetta against his brother George has made Cain versus Abel look like *Lore* Stov. For a decade Si's death threats—before witnesses—recurred with the steady thud of hoofbeats. And George finally did meet his off-predicted end on the evening of Oct. 28, 1970, shot to death

Murder victim George Jayne dives out with wife Marion during one of the lulls between the storms generated by brother Silas.



Accidentally slain in the cross fire was show rider Gloria Rude (above), blown to pieces when she used George's car.



in the basement of his home in suburban Palatine while preparing to deal a bridge hand to his wife, daughter and son-in-law.

Now 65, Silas Jayne was left the oldest of the 14 children born to a Barrington, Ill. farmer. George, 16 years younger, was the baby of the family. George grew up a somewhat more polished man than Si, though a person capable of such behavior as removing his shoes and socks during cocktails to pare his toenails while visiting the home of a wealthy horseman. Curiously, while Si was even cruder, he was the more popular. The Chicago horsey set was much amused by his antics, and as long as they were not the ones getting stung, people treated him with tolerance as a sort of Peck's Bad Boy of the show ring. Standing around the show gate, Si would make bets, play the clown and enjoy recounting how he had skinned some greenhorn in a deal. "Isn't Si a card?" was the typical reaction, but horsemen aware of Si's darker side knew he was a dangerous card to deal with. When so

moved, Si would demand a 10% cut of any show horse deal in Chicagoland, and few were inclined to cross him. Violence was a habit with him. Once, when Si was losing at a horse show, he got hold of the rider who was winning and he and another brother, Frank, held him while George, then still in his teens, beat him until he could no longer compete.

Si deliberately enhanced his reputation for violence, a reputation that made horse dealing easier. He was, for example, given to boasting about a year he had served in Joliet. Asked about this, he would cheerfully admit, "Yeah, I stabbed a guy. I can still see the blood coming out of his chest." He was lying. He never did a year in Joliet for anything, although when he was 17 he was sent to the state reformatory at Pontiac for rape. This conviction was not mentioned in Si's murder trial, but it did cause the Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms Bureau of the U.S. Treasury Department to seize the extraordinary number of guns in his house when he was charged with George's murder. Fed-

eral law forbids a felon to possess firearms.

George started in the horse business in the 1940s, and Si assisted him during a relatively amicable period in the 1950s. But George, having prospered, eventually decided to go his own way. He and Si argued about many of the American Horse Shows Association rules, because, Marion remembers, Si "didn't believe in a lot of them." She also recalls that Si was "bothered" when George elected not to assist in bombing the homes and barns of competitors on the circuit. It was during this period that George's own house burned down. He always suspected that Si was responsible because it just so happened Si had wanted George to buy his home and stable, and George had refused. He did wind up buying Si's place, but shortly thereafter the fraternal schism was complete.

The break came at the Oak Brook Horse Show in 1961 when Cherie Rude, a professional rider who had been fired by Si and subsequently hired by George, won a gambler's choice jumping class. In

continued



Connected with Si were Joe LaPlaca (co-suspect to murder, above) and Julius Baratta (homicide).



Taking off is Silas Jayne—a man of violence who has now been grounded by the Cook County Criminal Court in Illinois.



Defense Attorney Bailey (shown here with his wife) called case his strangest ever

addition to the blue ribbon involved, the winning horse gained monetary value. Furious, Si protested the win to the show committee on the grounds that Cherie had taken a wrong fence. When the committee backed Cherie and George, war was declared. Si made this clear after George's horse beat him at another show. In the presence of George, his wife and the boy leading George's horse, Si announced, "You S.O.B., I'll kill you." At the 1963 Northwestern Horse Show there was a back-off for the junior championship between Si's rider and George's daughter Linda. Before the back-off, Si was standing near the latter and George warned him, "Don't bug my daughter." Si replied, "Shut up, or I'll kill you." At the Lake Forest show in 1964 Linda was waiting to enter the ring when she heard Uncle Si again say to her father, "I'll kill you, you, . . ." That same year Si ran into George at the International Amphitheater and told him, "I'll get you, one way or another." At the Kansas City show in 1965 Si drove his car up a load-

ing ramp where George was standing and said, "You'll never make it home." Perhaps on the theory that George had not yet gotten the idea, Si told him that same year at the Lake Forest show, "You're as good as dead."

These evidences of unbrotherly love were punctuated by violent incidents. George's empty stable office was riddled by 28 bullets. Snipers shot at him and at his stable hands. Sugar was poured in his gas tank. His tires were slashed. Two of his horses were poisoned.

In June of 1965 George was on the phone at his Ten-Color Stables in Palatine when he asked rider Cherie Rude to do an errand for him and handed her the keys to his Cadillac. She got into the car, stepped on the gas, and the booby-trapped automobile blew up, killing her instantly. "It was meant for me," George said, an assertion nobody could dispute. At the inquest George said that he feared for his life, but a coroner's jury concluded that Cherie Rude had been murdered by a person or persons unknown.

That same June two men, Steve Grod and Edward Moran, came to George to report that a week after Cherie's death Si had hired them to kill him. However, Grod and Moran had decided to double-cross Si. They suggested that George hide out so that Si would think the murder had been accomplished and pay off. After all, they pointed out, Si would find it difficult to sue for return of his money, and George, they assumed, would be happy to see Si cheated (to say nothing of remaining alive).

George called the Cook County sheriff's police and told all. The police put him into protective custody and had his wife Marion announce that he was missing. Grod was instructed to place a phone call—taped—to Si to report that George had been killed. Grod and Si discussed the matter in code, but in the excitement the code broke down and Si said enough for him to be indicted by a Cook County grand jury for "solicitation" of a crime. The prosecution believed it had a strong case, but at the trial the tapes were ruled inadmissible, and Grod, for reasons known only to Grod, suffered a sudden loss of memory. The charge against Si was dismissed.

During all this time, to add injury to attempted injury, Si was also striking at George in business. Patrick Butler, a

well-to-do horseman (he owns Sloopy, the mount Neal Shapiro rode to a bronze medal at Munch), recalls the occasion George gave him such a buildup on a Canadian horse named Happy Landings that he was ready to buy at almost any price. George told Butler the horse would cost \$18,000 and that the payment was going to have to be in cash because the owner was in tax trouble. Butler paid the cash and got the horse. Happy Landings won only one major championship for Patrick Butler, and Butler suspects that the win was rigged by George's bribing of a judge. It is certain that Happy Landings was older than he was represented as being and that he had been "nerved," that is, a foot had been surgically anesthetized. On top of which, Si came around to report to Butler that George had swindled him on the price. The price, he said, had been only \$8,000 and the owner had not been in tax trouble. George had upped the figure to \$18,000 and asked for the money in cash so that he could pocket \$10,000 on the deal. Butler checked with the Canadian owner and found Si to be right.

In early 1967 Si and George attended a family meeting expressly arranged for the two of them to discuss their differences. According to Si's testimony at his murder trial last spring, his quarrel with George, which he claimed ended at this meeting, had originally stemmed from George's doping of horses. "You could take a very cheap horse, a horse that was worth nothing, if you didn't work hard on it and give it a shot, a tranquilizer, it would work just as good as a horse that was trained, then when you sold it to a customer, the customer was cheated," Si testified virtuously. As Si recalled, he told George it would be a "terrible disgrace" for the family, or anyone named Jayne in the horse business, if George ever got caught fooling with doped horses. At the 1967 meeting, Si went on, he said to George, "If you straighten out and fly right, we will just shake hands and forget about all this." He also testified that he told George, "I can help you, and you can help me," and added, "I did help him after that."

George nevertheless remained uneasy, and after dynamite was thrown at his house he hired a bodyguard—Frank Michelle Sr., a former private police chief. Michelle deemed it prudent to place an

continued

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electronic beeper in Si's car so that George would be warned if Si happened to drop by. A ghastly byproduct of this arrangement was that Michelle's son, Frank Jr., was shot and killed by Si, who later claimed that young Michelle, who had a criminal record, had fired shots at him through the door of his home in Elgin. Although Si at the time was sitting watching television, he happened to have loaded .32 and .22 caliber pistols on hand when the shots whistled by. As might be expected of a man of Si's temperament, he defended home and hearth with gusto, losing one salvo in the direction of the door and another through a window.

He got his man. The wounded Michelle crawled off, but Si grabbed a handy carbine, caught up with Michelle and pumped several more rounds into his body. At the time Si himself described the killing somewhat mysteriously as "a great victory," adding, "I'm going to stay right here and wait for the next one." Si claimed young Michelle had been hired to kill him, but Marion Jayne points out that Michelle's wife and child had gone to the Jayne house with him, unlikely companions on a hit, even in Chicagoland. Whatever the truth of the matter, Si was not charged with anything at all.

George Jayne was murdered in his home late the following year on the occasion of a family celebration. There had been a birthday party for George Jr., who was to be 16 the next day. After dinner George, Marion, daughter Linda and her husband went downstairs to the basement rec room to play bridge. They cut the deck for partners, and as a result of the cut made little jokes about how the women were going to beat the men. While George was shuffling the cards a shot was fired through a window opening directly down upon him and he died almost instantly from a 30-06 rifle bullet that entered his right chest and came to rest in his lower back.

In May 1971 a plot Byzantine in its intricacy began to unfold when agents of the Illinois Bureau of Investigation broke the case. Acting on an anonymous telephone tip, the IBI zeroed in on one Mel Adams, 39, of suburban Posen. Investigation revealed that Adams was a friend of Edward Nefeld, chief of detectives in nearby Markham, a town notorious for its corrupt police. Further gumshoeing

disclosed that Nefeld was in the horse business and close to Si Jayne. In short order, Nefeld and Adams began to talk. Nefeld told authorities that Si had originally offered him the contract to kill George, but that he had withdrawn in favor of Adams. (In April 1972 Nefeld pleaded guilty to conspiring to murder and is now serving three to 10 years.) Adams, given immunity for turning state's witness, told all.

Dishonorably discharged from the Air Force after serving three years at Leavenworth for credit-card forgery, Adams went to work for a meat processor in the Chicago Stockyards and settled in Posen. He had talked himself up as a local tough guy, and in 1969 Nefeld told him that a man named Si Jayne had offered him the hit on his brother George up-county. Nefeld inquired if Adams knew of anyone who would like to take over the contract. Adams wanted more details, and Nefeld introduced him to Joe LaPlaca, a pal of Si's. LaPlaca lost no time in offering Adams \$10,000 to kill George, but said there would be no front money because a previously hired killer had run out on the deal. Adams expressed interest, and LaPlaca showed him around Palatine, a newly developed suburban area with numerous dead-end roads 50 miles north of Markham. With LaPlaca as guide, Adams familiarized himself with the area. He also discovered that George—whom he had yet to see—was a man of no fixed habits.

LaPlaca arranged for Adams to meet Si. At the meeting, which took place in Si's car, Si and Adams agreed that George should be killed at home, along with any witnesses, such as his wife and children. (Adams testified that he did not think much of Si's suggestion that he machine-gun George on the highway or capture him, load him in the trunk of his car and deliver him alive for burial on Si's farm in Elgin.) At this meeting Si gave Adams a .38 revolver, later lost, and a 30 caliber "Enforcer" with the serial number filed off. The IBI later used acid to raise the number and traced the gun to Si.

For all the advice and armament so helpfully provided by Si, Mel Adams had yet to lay eyes on George by April of 1970 and so, with LaPlaca acting as finger man, he decided to stalk George on the horse show circuit. The two spotted

him at a show in San Antonio, but Adams could not make the hit there. In New Orleans, on the first night of the show at the fairgrounds, Adams followed George out of the ring into the parking lot. He had the .38 in his pocket, ready to blow George's brains out, but later said, "I didn't have the courage, or whatever it takes."

Adams was back in Chicago and unhappy on the job by June, but LaPlaca told him, "Si likes you. We'll go to \$20,000." In July Adams asked LaPlaca for permission to get another man on the deal and to up the fee to \$30,000. LaPlaca agreed, and Adams hired Julius Barnes, who worked with him in the Stockyards. Bringing a fresh eye to the job, Barnes suggested the duo might be better off with a high-powered rifle, and Adams got his girl friend to procure a 30-06 Savage from a friend. At Si's farm Adams test-fired the rifle into a grove of trees, and subsequently he and Barnes took to driving up to Palatine after work to look for George.

On the night of Oct. 28 they found George at home. Adams waited by the car while Barnes crept up to the open basement window and fired. As Barnes later boasted to Adams in a conversation overheard by an IBI agent, "Yeah, I got him good. I got him dead center."

Once Adams confessed, the IBI got him to retrieve both the murder weapon and Si's "Enforcer" from Barnes. Ballistics tests matched the slug that killed George Jayne with slugs removed from the trees on Si Jayne's farm. Moreover, Si's left thumb print was found on one of the payoff bills.

Si, LaPlaca and Barnes were arrested and charged with murder and conspiracy to murder on May 22, 1971, charges Si himself has steadfastly denied. At the conclusion of the recent trial the jury of nine women and three men found Barnes guilty of murder, and Si and LaPlaca were found guilty of conspiracy to murder, a decision Attorney Bailey claims is "ridiculous."

Silas Jayne has spent two years in the county jail awaiting trial for George's killing. Should Bailey's appeal fail, this time will be credited against the judge's sentence. In robust health, Si conceivably could live out his sentence and return to the horse show ring. Minus one competitor, of course.

END

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Most people, if they think about it at all, consider sport risky and inessential for girls. These seemingly benign and well-meaning attitudes are now being questioned—and clinically disproved

by **BIL GILBERT** and **NANCY WILLIAMSON**



There are those who defend the present system in which girls and women participating in sports receive limited funds, facilities, coaching rewards and encouragement. The arguments for maintaining the status quo are that 1) athletics are physically bad for women; competition may masculinize their appearance and affect their sexual behavior; 2) women do not play sports well enough to deserve athletic equality; and 3) girls are not really interested in sports.

The belief that a female in competitive athletics is taking short- and long-term risks with her health is, according to existing medical information, simply wrong. Dr. Clayton L. Thomas, the Harvard consultant on human reproduction and a member of the United States Olympic Medical and Training Services Committee, says, "I do not believe there is evidence available supporting the view that it is possible for healthy women of any age to indulge in a sport which is too strenuous for them. The literature of the past contains many opinions stating that competitive events are harmful for women. There are no data, however, to support these negative views."

Contentions aimed at excluding girls from sports on medical grounds often cite special dangers to reproductive organs. Recent research suggests these hazards are imaginary. The uterus, for example, is one of the most shock-resistant of all internal organs, being protected by what amounts to an extremely effective suspension system. The external genitalia of females are less exposed than those of males and could be as easily guarded if equipment manufacturers designed protective devices.

Other research argues that neither strenuous exercise nor athletic competition delays the onset or regularity of menstruation. Menstruation should not prevent a girl from participating in athletics, nor necessarily have a negative effect on her performance. (Medical surveys conducted at the Olympic Games indicate that women have set world records at all stages of the menstrual cycle.)

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WILSON HILLMAN

Such obstetrical information as is available maintains that athletic participation may improve the prospects of both mother and infant. A study of 700 female athletes showed that the length of labor was shorter for them, and the necessity for cesarean section 50% less than in a group of nonathletes. An obvious explanation for this is that women athletes are stronger and in better physical condition.

A mass of empirical evidence supports the almost unanimous medical opinion that no sport per se is more harmful for a girl than for a boy. In this country girls have organized programs in baseball, basketball, ice hockey, soccer and lacrosse—among the most "physical" sports. There is a women's professional football league. The Roller Derby, a violent game, has always been based upon women's participation. In Dallas a successful boxing club is operated for young girls. In none of these activities is there a higher incidence of injury than in comparable boys' programs, nor are girls being injured or exhausted for reasons that appear to be directly connected with their sex.

Competition between the sexes in contact sports is another matter.

Here the preponderance of medical opinion seems to be that girls, particularly after the onset of puberty, do face a disproportionate injury risk when competing with boys. Girls mature physically more rapidly than boys, but in the early teens the latter overtake the former. Thereafter, the average boy tends to be larger and stronger (because of a higher proportion of muscle to fatty tissue) and therefore faster, more agile and more athletically adept. "It is as inadvisable to have high school girls competing in varsity football with high school boys as it would be to have high school boys competing against professionals," says Dr. Ken Foreman of Seattle Pacific College. "When you're dealing with sports involving overloads and muscular strength, women should not compete with men. It would be a put down. They can't win."

But consider the Little League. It was

established in 1939 and in 1964 was granted a charter as an all-boy sport by an Act of Congress. The organization argues that mixed competition is unsafe for girls. But because of the age group involved (8-12) and the fact that physical differences between the sexes are superficially minimal at this stage, Little League has come under increasing fire from parents who do not feel their daughters should be barred. In many communities it is the only organized summer recreation program. Dr. Creighton Hale, the Little League executive vice-president, adamantly, if regretfully, defends the organization's discriminatory rule. He cites research which he claims indi-



cates that boys at all ages are stronger, swifter and have less fragile bones than girls. Also, says Hale, is a particular concern in baseball that boys have quicker reactions than girls.

Recent medical reports suggest that Little League may be on shaky ground. Dr. Thomas, in a paper to be published soon, summarizes what he considers to be the best evidence. He finds that prior to puberty boys are taller, but girls and boys are equal in weight, strength and reaction time.

In this matter of the advisability of mixed athletic competition, some supporters of women's rights believe that a principle is involved that is more fundamental than any medical evidence. If a weak, slow, badly coordinated 110-pound boy wants to try out for his school's football team, he is required to do nothing but take a routine physical

examination. If he passes he is permitted to go out and risk breaking his leg, at least until he is cut from the team. A girl is not given the same right of risk, the right to use or abuse her body as she sees fit. She is prohibited from doing so by the patronizing gallantry that is built into our social and legal system. These days this gallantry often is described as male chauvinism.

Another part of the biological argument is that sports are in essence physically destructive to women, that competition and training masculinize the female. On the one hand there is the notion that females are so fragile sports will break them up like so many china dolls.

Opposed to this is the suspicion that girls who engage in serious athletic training will develop enormous muscles, a bass voice and a beard. Like the former opinion, the latter is also nonsense, comparable to the belief that handling toads causes warts. "The supposition that girls will become heavily muscled, malelike creatures as a consequence of intense training is a tragic distortion of reality," says Dr. Foreman.

Another expert in sports medicine, Dr. Harmon Brown, who is a California endocrinol-

ogist and part-time women's track coach, has conducted extensive research on women athletes. He declares that "women are capable of performing maximal resistance exercises and achieving considerable levels of strength with little or no overt evidence of muscular hypertrophy." Muscular hypertrophy, in layman's terms, is excessive and obvious muscle development. Brown explains that women are less likely to develop bulging muscles than men because, first, the loss of fatty tissue camouflages such a change and, second, the amount of androgen (male hormone) produced by women is only five to 10% that of males.

It is as preposterous to claim that sports masculinize girls as it is to think that horseback riding will turn men into dwarfs or basketball will make them giants. However, for the same reasons that 7-footers gravitate toward basket-

ball and 5-foot 105-pounders toward careers as jockeys, girls and women of better-than-average muscular development, strength, speed and coordination, and in some cases size, are more inclined to participate in sports. It is simply that these characteristics give them a natural advantage. Yet, unlike the male athlete who is honored and rewarded for his superior physical talents, a woman athlete too often is made to feel that her superiority is somehow shameful.

"A bright woman is caught in a double bind," writes Dr. Marina Horner, president of Radcliffe. "In testing and in other achievement-oriented situations she worries not only about failure, but also about success. If she fails, she is not living up to her own standards of performance; if she succeeds, she is not living up to societal expectations about the female role."

Perhaps nowhere in society is the situation President Horner describes more evident than in sports. Generally speaking, the better an athlete she is, the more a woman must defend herself against charges that she is successful because she was something more or less than a woman to begin with. For many outstanding female athletes the situation is comparable, say, to one in which Walt Chamberlain would be required to apologize for his size and skill and expected to confess that what he really wanted to be was a 5' 8" average man.

Behind the myth that participation in sports will masculinize a woman's appearance, there is the even darker notion that athletics will masculinize a woman's sexual behavior. But last year Dr. Christine Pickard, a London consultant on birth-control and sex problems, suggested just the opposite. Girl athletes, she declared, tend to make better lovers and are much sexier than less active women: "Athletes are physical creatures. Their bodies are important to them—the physical sensations, touch, the ripple of muscles play a central role in their lives. Women athletes are much more interested in sex and physically more responsive than their less-active sisters."

Contention No. 2: females do not play games well enough to deserve athletic equality. Is there any point in wasting money, gyms, fields and coaching on them? The quality of competition in girls' sports is so inferior that games do not generate gate receipts and therefore it is

financially irresponsible to spend money on these activities. Most male coaches, athletic directors, high school principals (of which 97% are men) and college presidents (99% men) hold this view.

It is difficult to assess how good American female athletes might be if they were offered athletic facilities, support and encouragement even roughly comparable to what men receive. Given greater equality between the sexes, it seems reasonable that the gap between women's and men's athletic performances would narrow. But improving female performances is not the substantive reason for providing equal opportunity.

The same athletic administrators who urge that girls be excluded because they lack ability take quite a different stance when it comes to getting appropriations and support for men's programs. It is then one hears that the purpose of sport is essentially educational—to develop character, attitudes and good citizenship. It is not important whether one wins or loses but how one plays the game. The two attitudes—girls should not play because they are not good enough, and athletics are good for any boy—are obviously contradictory. If the "exclude-them, they-aren't-good-enough" standard was applied to both sexes, most existing boys' programs would have to be judged unworthy of the money now given them.

Athletic competition is organized so as to match up opponents of more or less equal ability, size, strength and speed. A system of handicapping is implicit in the pleasures and value of sport. The matter has been summed up by Simone de Beauvoir, who writes in *The Second Sex*, "In sports the end in view is not success independent of physical equipment: it is rather the attainment of perfection within the limitations of each physical type: the featherweight boxing champion is as much a champion as is the heavyweight, the woman skier champion is not the inferior of the faster male champion: they belong to two different classes."

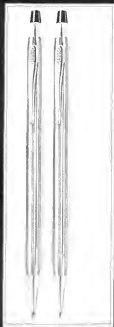
The final consideration is whether girls are sufficiently interested in athletics to justify sports activities for them. "We have tried to organize a girls' sports program," one Eastern high school athletic director explained, "but it hasn't worked out very well. We started girls' basketball this year. We found one of the girls on our faculty to coach them and

even though our facilities are crowded we got them practice time in the gym. I drew up a little schedule for them—line games. Unfortunately, the girls didn't show a lot of interest. Only 12 came out for the team. There were two big tomboyish girls who have remained quite enthused, but the others have not been faithful about practice. I'm not blaming them, because I think a normal girl at that age is going to be more interested in catching a boy than catching a basketball. When they played, it was so bad it was pathetic. I think there are only eight girls left on the team now. With that kind of experience we are going to think a long time before starting other girls' programs. We have limited funds and it doesn't make sense to cut into boys' programs or to try to force things on girls that they themselves don't want."

Not maliciously, but simply because it did not occur to this A.D. that they were pertinent, certain facts were omitted from this chronicle of female apathy. In this particular community, as in many others, there never had been any opportunity for girls to play a team sport—in grade school, junior high, or in a public recreation league. The girls' coach was a physical education teacher who had never played basketball herself and had never coached any team sport. No money was provided for uniforms for the girls, though at this school the boys' teams and the cheerleaders have both home and away uniforms which are furnished by the athletic department. The girls were told that they could wear their gym suits or, if they preferred, sell candy and soft drinks at boys' basketball games to raise money for classier costumes. Because of the shortness of the season the girls who made the team would not be eligible for athletic letters or sweaters. Practice for the girls was restricted to Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 8:30, when all of the boys' basketball programs—varsity, junior varsity, freshman and intramural—were finished. Being unaccustomed to strenuous physical activity and having no previous training in the techniques of the game the girls, when they began to play, were awkward and self-conscious. They put on such a poor exhibition that some of the boys found it entertaining to hang around after their own practice to whistle and laugh at the girls. The best player among the girls won the derisive—in this context—nickname, Walt the Stili. A column of humorous in-

continued

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WOMEN IN SPORT *continued*

tent appeared in the December issue of the high school newspaper. It listed appropriate Christmas gifts for various students. It was suggested that Wilt the Sult be given a razor. No mention whatsoever of the girls' basketball program appeared on the sports pages of the local daily newspaper.

Everything considered, an objective observer might disagree with the athletic director's conclusion that the basketball experiment at his school proved that girls are not interested in sports. The fact that at this school—and elsewhere, and in other sports—girls continue to try to participate in athletics despite discouragements and humiliations indicates instead a fundamental and real interest.

Repeatedly, when good girls' athletic programs are offered, the organizers are astonished by the response. For example, the Hillsborough County, Florida (Tampa) Recreation Department never had provided any organized programs in competitive sports for girls. It began to receive inquiries as to why not. In the spring of 1971 a recreation-department employee, Zoe Gray, organized a slow-pitch girls' softball program called the Little Leaguettes. Competition was offered in three age divisions ranging from eight to 15. In its first year more than 1,000 girls turned out and were divided into 68 teams. Shocked at this unexpected development, officials last winter started similar basketball leagues and this summer will add a division for 16- to 18-year-old girls to the softball program.

In the summer of 1972 Carol Mann, one of the leading members of the Ladies Professional Golf Association, decided to organize a week-long clinic for girls in her native Baltimore. Mann was told that such a program had never been sponsored in the area and that she should not plan on more than 30 or 40 youngsters taking part. Despite the fact that the golf clinic was held the week that Hurricane Agnes swept up the East Coast, 154 girls came to the sessions.

Dwyle Weaver, an enterprising Dallas boxing coach, received all manner of discouragement and warnings when he conceived the notion of organizing The Missy Junior Gloves, a boxing program for six- to 16-year-old girls. However, when Weaver's program got off the ground, it attracted 800 youngsters, more than had ever participated in his boys' boxing activities.

In Kansas has been a flurry of

interest in girls' sports because of a series of legal challenges. Regional and state championship events, similar to those which boys have had for years, have been organized for girls by the state athletic association. In 1972 some 14,000 girls took part in four regional track meets. Meanwhile, 900 girls from 91 schools participated in the state tennis tournament, and 4,000 girls played volleyball.

These are just fledgling programs, mere hints of the potential interest in girls' sports. But there is one locale—surprisingly enough, rural Iowa—that can offer conclusive proof of the viability and rewards of female athletic equality.

Currently 488 Iowa high schools belong to the state athletic association for girls, which sanctions 17 championships in 13 different sports. The situation is so uncommon that it is worth calling the roll of Iowa games. They are currently basketball (438 schools participating), track (423), softball (302), golf (247), tennis (86), distance running (82), coed golf (77), volleyball (65), gymnastics (49), swimming (46), coed tennis (26), synchronized swimming (9), field hockey (6). Coaches of the girls' teams, most of whom are men, are paid exactly the same as coaches of boys' teams, if a school can afford assistant coaches for boys' teams, it will also have assistant coaches for girls' teams. The girls' teams are fully equipped, have the same practice facilities, travel in the same style and are given the same school rewards as boys' teams. Girl athletes in Iowa are not regarded as freaks. As a class they tend to be the most popular girls, enjoying more status in the eyes of other students, their teachers and townspeople. In the smaller communities of the state where high school athletics are the principal local excitement, girls are as much a sporting attraction as boys. The press of rural Iowa treats the competitions equally. Most interscholastic basketball games are scheduled as doubleheaders—one girls' game and one boys' game. The next morning the reporter from the local newspaper will lead off his account and devote the most space to whichever game was the more interesting. The stories seldom are cluttered with cute, irrelevant, patronizing passages on how the girls looked. Attention is focused instead on how they played and how the contest developed.

Relatively speaking, Iowa is a utopia for girls' athletics—it is not unheard of

continued

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WOMEN IN SPORT

for a girl from a neighboring state to move to Iowa and take up residence with relatives during her high school years in order to take part in the athletic program. However, it is not a utopia because of some accident of nature, because of something that existed when Iowa was liberated from the Sioux, or because some unique phenomenon sprang up like wild bluebells from the dark prairie earth. The Iowa girls' sports program has developed in the past 20 years. Prior to that, things in Iowa were the same as elsewhere—that is, bad and unequal. The man responsible for the change is Wayne Cooley, who in 1954 left a job as assistant to the president of Grinnell College to become the chief executive officer of the Iowa Girls' High School Athletic Union. At that time the Union was a feeble organization with no staff and a shoestring budget. But Iowa was different in one important respect—it had set up an independent body to oversee schoolgirl sports. In most states where there is any girls' organization, it is a subdivision—often only a desk—in the boys' association.

Cooley is a hard-driving, fast and forceful man who comes on not as a crusader for women, but as both a promoter and a shrewd and pugnacious executive. He gives the impression that he would be as happy and successful pushing real estate or managing a tool-and-die works as he is running the best girls' athletic program in the U.S. "Before coming here," he says, "I had no special interest in women's rights. My experience was in administration; I came to be an administrator. This was a poor-relation outfit, and I wanted to make it as successful and efficient as the organization that exists for boys' sports. I suppose in a certain sense that was my competition—the group I wanted to beat."

Cooley may not have beaten the boys' athletic executives, but he surely has played them to a tie. The two groups are now equal in affluence and influence. The Union has a plush suite of offices in downtown Des Moines and operates on an annual budget of \$600,000, which comes principally from gate receipts collected at girls' state championship events. Among Cooley's more important staff members is Jack North, an ex-news-paperman who distributes weekly rankings and team and individual statistics in the fashion of the NCAA or NFL. The Union also issues a monthly newspaper,

its own clinics and conferences for girls' coaches and does missionary work among Iowa colleges to acquaint graduating seniors with the joys and rewards of coaching girls' athletic teams.


Competitively, artistically and financially, the *piece de resistance* of the Iowa girls' program is the state basketball championship, which is held each March in Des Moines. During this five-day tournament the Veterans Memorial Auditorium is invariably sold out; the girls attracting about 85,000 fans (often they outdraw the boys' championships, held a week later). Additionally, some live to six million other spectators see the girls' game *thru out the box's* via a nine-state TV network that Cooley has helped put together.

"We are competing for the entertainment dollar," Cooley says, "and we try to put on the best show we can. Our girls play in attractive uniforms—they may be mildly revealing but they are in good taste. The girls are young, graceful, skillful and enthusiastic about their game, and they are very competitive. There is no reason why girls' events can't draw well if they are intelligently staged."

In his state tournament production, Cooley surrounds his girl athletes with cheerleaders, bands, music, flags, dignitaries, slick souvenir programs and patriotic and county-fair pugnacity of all sorts. In addition to basketball games, there is an impressive ceremony at which individual and team champions in all other sports that the Union sponsors are introduced to the crowd and, of course, to the press and TV cameras. "Basketball is our big attraction," says Cooley. "We can't expect to draw the same kind of audience for, say, a tennis or volleyball championship. So we use the basketball tournament as a showcase for the rest of our activities and the other champions."

Whatever the means that have been used to build the Iowa girls' sports empire, the citizens seem well pleased with the end result. Story City, for example, is a town of 2,000 located 15 miles north of Ames in an area known as the Heart of Iowa. It is one of those John Deere, soda and sundry, grain elevator, church steeples communities, down whose main street 76 iconophobes should perpetually march. People in Story City still talk about the day in 1972 when the Roland-Story Community High School (350 students) girls' basketball team won the state championship. All through last

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summer and winter the most common subject of conversation at the drugstore, in the café, in the high school corridors, was whether the girls could repeat. (They did not.) Their chances seemed good since two All-State players, an agile guard named Karen Rutland and a punier of a forward, Cathy Kammin, were returning. Kammin, a shy, dreamy-eyed, 5'8" farm girl, was the most publicized citizen of Story City, since she was the school's leading basketball scorer, averaging 41 points—yes, 41—a game.

"Sports are very big in a little town like this," explains Dallas Kray, the Rutland-Story athletic director. "We encourage a lot of sports and we have a recreation program that goes full blast in the summer. We spend about \$14,000 a year on sports in the high school. It comes out of the gate receipts. I guess the girls' basketball team, what with Kammin and Rutland, is our biggest gate attraction."

Sitting in the Roadside Café with Cathy Kammin, Karen Rutland and two members of the boys' basketball team, Alan Eggland and Jim Johnson, and talking about discrimination against girls in sports is an unusual experience. Reports have filtered into Story City about inequality between the sexes. The four teenagers find it hard to relate to these phenomena, just as a 15-year-old Ugandan might be unmoved by accounts of racial discrimination in Alabama. "Gee, no, I can't think of any way we're treated much different than boys," says Rutland. "We're all just basketball players."

"It's not all equal," says Johnson.

"How do you mean?"

"Well, Karen and Cathy get a lot more publicity than we do," and Johnson grins while both the girls look flustered. "But they deserve it. Right now they're playing better than we are."

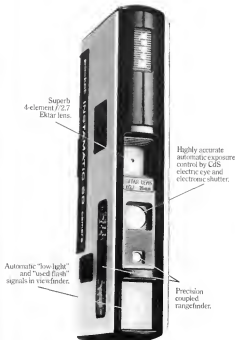
"Are girls in sports popular in this school?"

"I haven't really thought about that," says Kammin, the Story City heroine, and then pauses to work out the matter. "I guess we're popular enough. It isn't a big deal. I mean you play sports because it's something you like, but I suppose you are sort of doing something for the school, too, so nobody looks down on you."

"Maybe this is something," contributes Eggland, as if working away on a puzzle. "The homecoming dance is a big social event here. The last three years a girl who has been on one of the teams

continued

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has been the queen of it. I think girls in sports are more popular, at least with the boys. We're together a lot, and the girls in sports are the ones who are doing things."

On a midseason Thursday afternoon Bill Hennessy, the head basketball coach of the Roland-Story girls' team, is running his charges through a light, day-before-the-game drill. He is working with his forwards, setting up screens to give his bomber, Cathy Kammin, open shots. At the opposite end of the court, the assistant girls' coach has the freshmen and reserves. Kenneth (Pat) Eldredge, the boys' basketball coach, is sitting on the stage with some of his team, watching and waiting for a turn on the court. During a break, Hennessy comes over to talk. Eldredge (whose team also has won a state championship) and Hennessy are both slender, graying, soft-spoken men. They are old friends, having coached together for 16 years. "Pat, what about the comment you hear that if less time and attention were given to girls' basketball, the quality of boys' basketball in Iowa would improve?" Hennessy asks.

"There might be some truth in that," says Eldredge, smiling. "If we didn't share a gym, if we had more coaching for the boys, if the boys got all the attention, we might have a better team, but that is just a guess. What I do know for certain is that if we cut back on or did not have the girls' team, our sports program for humans would be a lot poorer. I wouldn't want to see that happen."

Whatever value sports have, men like Bill Hennessy and Pat Eldredge believe they are human values, beneficial to boys and girls alike. All those dire warnings of the medical, moral and financial disasters that would follow if girls were granted athletic pants are considered hogwash in Iowa. The local girls have not become cripples or Amazons; the boys have not been driven to flower arrangement or knitting. In fact, there may be no place else in the U.S. where sport is so healthy and enjoys such a good reputation.

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First, consider its superbly thought-out features. It has a built-in roll bar, and a huge fixed rear window. To give the car the practicality of a hardtop coupe. And you the exhilarating experience of a roadster.

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All controls are meticulously engineered to be functional and logically accessible.

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The Targa is available in all three 911 models: 911T, 911E, and 911S.

But be warned.

It is very difficult to be humble about owning any Porsche. And if it's a Targa, that's IT.

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Governor **Francis Sargent** of Massachusetts was reminiscing about the time he played golf with New York Governor **Nelson Rockefeller** on Rockefeller's course at his Pocantico Hills estate. Sargent claims he looked at the manicured greens and impeccable fairways extending endlessly in all directions and asked, "Tell me, Nelson, do you have any problem getting a starting time on weekends?"

Raymond McCra, a former professional wrestler, has been charged with bank robbery. Phoenix police said that McCra, a 3½-foot-tall dwarf, was able to evade the bank's cameras because "his head didn't come up to the level of the counter." But he had small chance of ducking identification.

It is doubtful that **Bill Veeck** had McCra in mind recently when, recognizing his own mortality, the baseball showman got to thinking about his epitaph. "Inevitably," he decided, "it will say, 'He sent a midget up to bat.' I no longer even aspire to the more quotable, if ambiguous, 'He helped the little man.' " So does Veeck now regret having used Eddie Gaedel long ago in a St. Louis Browns game? Well, he says, "Were it in my power to turn back the clock, I'd never use one midget again. I'd use nine of the little fellows."

A product of the concrete football fields of Brooklyn's Thomas Jefferson High School, Green Bay Running Back **John Brockington** has never quite forgotten those bruises. "Honest, our school didn't have a field," Brockington says. "We practiced on concrete, blacktop, whatever." After 18 years of pleading, TJ Coach Moe Finkelstein thought he was going to get a real field this year, but his gross got bypassed at city hall. Brockington heard about it and didn't

hesitate a second. He went directly to the top, putting in a call to New York Mayor John Lindsay. Presto, change: Thomas Jefferson's football field has turned into beautiful sod. You might say the strawberry fields of Brockington's youth have vanished forever.

After 78 years *Fish & Scream* has its first centerfold girl—**Phyllis Diller**. The comedienne, who appears in the current issue dressed for a day in the swamp, was selected as Miss Fun Fishing of 1973. Strongly resisting some barbed questions, Editor Jack Samson remained totally serious. "She truly characterizes the lighthearted aspects of sport," he said. Come, come, Samson. Miss Fun Fishing at least tried. "Before the photographer went to work," she said, "he tried to clean and scale me." Well, it was a fishing line.

* Denver architect **Ron Mason** has found a way to skirt around the thick morning traffic. Twice he has paddled a kayak down Cherry Creek through the middle of the city, portaging around waterfalls. An entrant in the U.S. Olympic Kayak Trials last year, Mason covered the 3½-mile journey between the north- and southbound lanes of Speer Boulevard in 45 minutes. He says he particularly has enjoyed the scenery and the fauna—a rabbit, two kinds of ducks, a muskrat, a redwing blackbird and a lot of envious commuters.

Johnny Unitas is in some danger of being cut from the squad. "We are allowed only 18 players on the team and I want to know whether we can count on him or not," says Henry Amos. Amos, the field captain of the John's Golden Arm Restaurant softball team, which represents the Baltimore eatery owned by Unitas, points out that Johnny won't be much help if he is 3,000

miles away playing with the San Diego Chargers and says John had better make up his mind which team he wants to stick with. Unitas complains, "This is the second time in one year I've been benched. I still can't get used to it." That's O.K., John. Some folks still love you. A street has been named after you in a new development outside Baltimore. Is it Unitas Street? Nothing so common. Unitas Drive? Unitas Avenue? Too banal. No, it is Unitas Paw.

Bill Emmerston, the 52-year-old Australian who walked across Death Valley last July, tried a little running recently. To be exact,

ed he didn't need all of his winnings right away. "He's really quite happy with the 25¢," Mrs. Cahill says.

Red Sox Manager **Eddie Kasko**, who does not have enough of them on his mound staff, came across an ace in an unexpected place—on the 140-yard 15th hole at Kirkbrae Country Club in Lincoln, R.I.

Cardinal rookie Third Baseman **Ken Reitz** came down with chicken pox during spring training, which was a slightly embarrassing thing to have happen. Chicken pox is supposed to interfere with a Cub Scout cookout, or at



he ran down into, through and up out of the Grand Canyon. He covered the rather vertical 22 miles in 4½ hours. That does not include the time spent in helping a hiker he passed who was suffering from leg cramps.

The first-prize winner of the Quebec lottery is still living on 25¢ a week, despite having \$125,000 in the bank. Since **Sean Cahill** is only six, his mother decid-

ed worst with the junior prom, not with the serious business of making the roster of a major league team. But Reitz is putting his affliction to good and serious use. He plans to give blood to a children's hospital; blood from an adult who had chicken pox can give temporary immunity to children hospitalized with more serious diseases and thus reduce the chances of complications that chicken pox might cause.

Just suspend disbelief

And, like Los Angeles rooters, you may conclude that fledgling Dodgers are curing the team's old catching, third-base and hitting miseries

A Dodger leads the National League in hitting. (Take one of these every three hours and come back Friday.) After having tried 42 third basemen in 15 years Los Angeles finally has found the right one. (If that is being *written*, then the wire services must have a dreamer covering the games.) Don Sutton, one of the top pitchers in baseball, threw five home-run balls in one game this year in Chavez Ravine. (That white car outside with the lamp on its roof is holding space for you, baby.) Sparky Anderson, manager of the Cincinnati Reds, claims the Dodgers are a contender in the National League West. (Yeah, and Dick Nixon is going to invite Abbie Hoffman to the White House for Christmas dinner.) Los Angeles has a catcher who plays the outfield when he isn't catching, and he is just behind Johnny Bench in ribbies. (Take 12 of these every half hour and don't come back at all.)

O.K., Doc, but it's true. In the month of May no team in baseball played better than the Dodgers. During one stretch this spring they won 15 of 20 games, a rate that, were they in the American League's East Division, would permit them to start printing playoff and World Series tickets. Following their sorriest start since moving West in 1958, the Dodgers have suddenly begun leaping and prancing around as if they intend to do many interesting things during a season in which most people had them projected as little more than a .500 outfit.

"In recent years," says Manager Walt Alston, "there may have been a tendency to overrate us, just as there may be a tendency to underrate us this time."

Perhaps so. Perhaps not. Since 1969 the Dodgers have generally shown early foot, only to prove inconsistent in the final months of the chase. Only once in those four seasons did they truly menace the ultimate division winner. Los Angeles has also had something of a split personality—twice going for power (with

Dick Allen in 1971, Frank Robinson in 1972), and at other times reasserting its traditional speed-and-pitching game (the return of Maury Wills in 1969, the trade for Andy Messersmith for 1973).

Major league rule of thumb holds that any contending team that can feed one minor-leaguer into its lineup per season is doing a fine job. At present the Dodgers have three, and each is off to a flamboyant start. Joe Ferguson is running up RBI numbers that Dodger fans have not seen from a catcher since Roy Campanella. Second Baseman Dave Lopes (rhymes with copes) was leading the league in batting at .364 as the week was ending, and Third Baseman Ron Cey was chasing .300 and employing a glove that did not go clang in the night.

The Los Angeles' Third Base Problem is legend in baseball. Alphabetically, the list of failed aspirants runs from Alcarez to Zimmer. Cey is the 43rd to be offered in sacrifice to the position. In his first 43 games Cey made only six errors. For

those unfamiliar with the Dodger TBP, consider this: In 155 games last year the committee that functioned at third made 53 errors—an a town well known for liberal scoring interpretations.

Called Penguin because of his stocky build (5'10", 185 pounds) and his waddle, Cey is doing the job most of his predecessors found impossible. He got the position when Ken McMullen, the third baseman Los Angeles obtained from California last winter, injured his back. Cey is not only fielding well, he is hitting with power—something the Dodgers have lacked at that corner for years. In his last two seasons in Triple A ball he knocked in 226 runs and had 55 homers. "I don't want to sound cocky," says Cey, who is 25, "but in my mind there is no question about my ability to hit. It's something I have always been able to do. The more I see of big-league pitching the more confident I am that I will hit with power here."

For years the gospel as preached by the National League contained two tenets concerning the Dodgers. The first said, "Beware, for they defeat not themselves." The second said, "He who visits Dodger Stadium shall rack grief." From the time the team moved into the stadium in 1962 until three seasons ago both precepts held true. Los Angeles teams knew the nuances of defense, and the Dodgers used their stadium well. In good years and bad they won only three more games on the road (326-323) than

continued



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they lost, but at home they won 381 and lost 269.

However, pennants that were supposed to fly above Chavez Ravine ended up instead at minor-league ball parks in Spokane, Albuquerque and Bakersfield. And the Dodger organization, acutely aware that the star system trailblazes Los Angeles, built up fledgling players beyond reason. Eventually, the risk of grief in Dodger Stadium seemed diminished to visiting foes.

One reason was that the Dodgers have had to juggle their catchers constantly. Those who hit could not throw and those capable of catching and throwing could not hit. Joe Ferguson, 26, may lay that problem to rest. At 6'2" and 200 pounds he is of the generous dimensions of Bench, Carlton Fisk, Ray Fosse and Bill Freehan. On the days when Ferguson is not catching, Alston puts him in right or left field to get both his bat and arm into the lineup. Only once this season has Ferguson failed to start a game.

"Originally I was an outfielder," Ferguson says. "The organization suggested that I try catching. I agreed and talked to Del Crandall about it. Del had been a fine catcher himself, of course, and was with the Dodgers then. He asked if I was really interested. When I told him I was, he said, 'Let's get going.' I had to learn to throw differently, block balls and handle the gear and the pitchers. One day in spring training I caught three games."

"When you are behind the plate, all your thoughts are concentrated on not allowing the batter to hit. Then you have to go up and try to hit. It's hard to do that. You have to free yourself mentally to be able to change from defense to offense. I think I've learned."

No job is harder for a catcher than taking command of a veteran pitching staff, which is what the Dodgers have. But the Dodger pitchers approve of the way Ferguson handles them. "They like to have their games called for them," says Joe. "They have enough to worry about."

Maybe the Dodgers will prove again to be little more than a spring mirage. But their pitching is starting to come around, and that means trouble for the enemy. And if those youngsters can...

Dave Lopes says, "There's no pressure about leading the league in hitting because I don't expect to be doing it in September. I'm just having my fun now. This is the time of the year when guys like me lead the league." But he has stolen 17

bases in 18 major league tries, and that kind of speed will be around in September, even if his batting average dwindles off to a more reasonable .250 or so.

And the man who manages these newcomers has won with good teams as well as not-so-good ones, old clubs and young. So if you don't mind, Doc, hold off on those wake-up pills for awhile. Let's go right on dreaming.

THE WEEK

(May 30-31)

by JOE JARES

NL EAST

Despite two run-outs and losing one of their last four games, the Cubs increased their division lead over the Mets to four games. "Maybe we've come up with the answer to perpetual motion," said Manager Whitey Lockman. "Since time immemorial, people have been looking for something that can run on its own—maybe that's us." Chicago certainly was not running on Ferguson Jenkins' arm. Jenkins is becoming increasingly distressed over the home-run pitches he has been serving. So far this year he has given up 15 in fewer than 11 full games. Willie Mays took a few days off from the Mets to go home to San Francisco and think about his waning career, and thus moved a 19-inning, five-hour and 42-minute marathon 7-3 win over L.A. "I finally found out what time of day I hit best," said Met Third Baseman Ken Boswell. "One-thirty in the morning." Rusty Staub went five for nine in the game. Oh, well, the Mets needed the work, anyway. They had been rained out three times the week before moving on to sunny L.A. Cleon Jones came out of the game with a sore right wrist and had to be scratched from the lineup the next night, and Jon Matlack, who kept the pitching chart (301 pitches), suffered a blistered left index finger from his pencil work.

The Phillies' Steve Carlton could not hold a four-run lead against the Pirates, and saw his record stay at 4-6. He also complained about "guys who have written about seeing me in a bar having a drink, as though that had something to do with the way I'm pitching. I've taken a drink all my life, going good or bad." A happy note for Philly: tall Wayne Twitchell beat the Pirates for the second time in less than a week 7-4. An unhappy note for Philly: Wayne Twitchell struck out four times, making it eight whiffs in a row to break the league record for strikeouts in successive games. Within easy reach is Sandy Koufax' record of 12 strikeouts in consecutive at-bats.

Manager Bill Virdon was still confident his Pirates could win without his making changes. "I think we have the best personnel in the league," he said. Steve Blass, a 19-game winner last year, gave Virdon encouragement in a 5-4 win over the Phils. "It feels good to be able to come into the clubhouse and look everyone in the eye," Blass said.

The Cardinals' maligned bullpen has improved. In their last 12 appearances, covering 16 innings, Diego Segui, Rick Folkers and Wayne Granger have allowed only four hits and no runs while picking up six saves. And starter Alan Fosse, a sensation in spring training but a loser in his first three decisions, has allowed only two earned runs in his last 27 innings. But St. Louis was still at the bottom of the division.

The Expos have been rained out so many times this season that Coach Jerry Zimmerman looked up one day, saw the sun and said, "It's a UFO." They took the Canadian weather to the Bay Area with them, and on a bitterly cold and windy night in Candlestick Park beat the Giants 5-2.

CHI 20-17 NY 20-10 PITT 17-10
MONT 17-22 PHIL 17-24 SL 18-24

NL WEST

The Astros' Jerry Reuss won his sixth victory in seven decisions with a five-hitter against Pittsburgh, but the talk in the Houston locker room was about the trade of a reserve catcher, Larry Howard. He was dealt to Atlanta for a minor-league catcher, Tom Heirle, even though he was the only experienced backup behind starter John Edwards (who has been injured). "This one thing has done more to disrupt this ball club than anything that has happened all year," said a veteran player. Howard was hitting only .167 when he departed, but he was good at handling pitchers.

San Francisco's Bobby Bonds had a sore arm, but in his hotel room he threw bunched-up towels around to loosen it up, took his name off the can't-play list and got three hits, including a homer, against Atlanta. He also stole three bases to help Juan Marichal beat the Braves for the first time since 1969. "We've come back to the pack," said Bonds, "but there's just too much young talent on this team. We'll catch another streak pretty soon. We're gonna win the pennant."

Credit Houston Manager Leo Durocher with the Reds' madweek pair of wins over the Astros. The Cincy players felt that in an earlier defeat in Houston Leo had rubbed it in by having Cesar Cedeño steal in the late innings of a game already won and having a pitcher sacrifice in another run. "It was time for me to calm it down a little and let a sleeping dog lie," said Reds Manager Sparky Anderson. "But Leo had to kick us."

The Padres brought up Dave Roberts from Hawaii, where he was hitting .382, but the

continued

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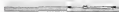
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BASEBALL continued

bright spot of the week for them was Fred Norman's first win, a six-hitter against the Reds. Norman threw practically nothing but fastballs, leaving his curve and slider in his locker. Henry Aaron brought his 1971 home-run total up to 52 for Atlanta. Only 90 more to go to surpass Babe Ruth's record of 714.

HOUS 27-10 SF 35-10 CIN 29-10
LA 25-16 ATL 17-25 SD 10-28

AL EAST

The Tigers had lost two straight to the Yanks, so Detroit Manager Billy Martin, often more newsworthy than his team, assigned himself to coach third base for the fourth time this season. It worked like a good-luck charm. Mickey Lolich finally got some batting support and won his third 4-0. The next night John Hiller pitched two strong innings of relief and the Tigers beat the A's 10 in 13 innings in the first meeting between the 1972 divisional winners.

The Yankees had a lovely week, sweeping a doubleheader from Cleveland, taking two of three from Detroit and raising their record above .500, but the most fun came against the Rangers. Derrin 7-0 after 1½ innings, New York battled back to win 9-7. Said Tiger Second Baseman Dick McAuliffe: "If there were 10 games left in the season and I had to pick a club, I'd say the Yankees."

Baltimore Manager Earl Weaver scheduled batting practice for an off day during a wet, gloomy week, but even that was rained out. Boog Powell continued in his miserable slump. Dave McNally threw three wild pitches and suffered his sixth straight loss (the Cleveland) and Catcher Earl Williams, leader of the Orioles' meager attack, was sidelined with a severely sprained ankle. An injury also hurt the Red Sox, who lost Second Baseman Doug Griffin for four to six weeks because of a broken bone in his left hand—the same hand that was hurt last year and cost him three weeks. Griffin had been hitting .289 and fielding well. The day he was injured Shortstop Luis Aparicio played in his 2,500th major league game and celebrated by stealing two bases.

Gaylord Perry was winning for the Indians and was being accused once again of throwing a spitter. "If baseball really is so serious about helping the hitters," said White Sox Manager Chuck Tanner, "then all it has to do is start having umpires call a ball for every pitch thrown that they think is a spitter." Perry thought it a ridiculous idea. "He said I'm just psyching up for the weekend," he said.

Mr. Mismother, Billy Champion of the Brewers, threw a wild pitch, balked and hit a batter on route to his 14th straight defeat (11 with the Phils last year). Joe Lahoud, who wants to be traded, beat his former

Boston teammates with a two-run pinch single. In seven pinch-hit appearances for Milwaukee he has four hits and two walks.

DET 22-20 NY 22-21 BALY 16-10
MIL 16-12 BOS 17-25 CLE 15-13

AL WEST

The Angels managed to stay hot on Chicago's trail despite three straight losses to the White Sox. Nolan Ryan struck out 13 in the 4-1 final defeat of the trail, but you have to do even better than that when the opposing pitcher is Wilbur Wood. California picked up Mike Epstein from the Rangers, adding power to a lineup that already had Bob Oliver and Frank Robinson. One small problem was the fact that bullpen arms were getting rusty as the Angels' starters, Bill Singer, Rudy May, Clyde Wright and Ryan, led the league in complete games.

Royal Manager Jack McKeon contemplated a cloudy sky in Minnesota and remarked, "So many things have happened to us lately it might have been better if it had rained all week." Raindrops did delay the game a bit, but it was completed and the Twins' Bert Blyleven shut out Kansas City on one hit 2-0. McKeon called it: "The best-pitched game I've seen all year. It was better than Nolan Ryan's no-hitter against us." Said K.C.'s Hal McRae: "The curves that man threw came in and kissed your cap. The ball is heading right for you and you don't know what to do: stay, leave, you just don't know." The Twins took the series 3-1, winning the first two despite the Royals' 28 hits, one a 420-foot homer by John Mayberry. "I played baseball for 17 years," said K.C. Coach Harry Dunlop, "and would give anything to have hit just one ball as hard as John did that one." Mayberry has a good chance to break the K.C. homer record of 38 set by Bob Cerv in 1958. He now has 13.

Unhappy Pitcher Bill Hands, an ex-Cub, sounded off about Twins Owner Calvin Griffith, who cut his salary by \$3,000 this year. After calling Griffith "stupid," he said, "If I think a guy's a jerk, I'll call him a jerk." He also called the Twins a "fifth-place ball club" but later apologized to his teammates.

Chicago Centerfielder Ken Henderson suffered a strained ligament in his knee sliding home and was lost for a week. Oakland's Ken Holtzman, the leading pitcher in the league with a 1.68 ERA, did his customary thing after his ninth victory of the season and 102nd career win. He armwrestled the winning baseball to his parents in St. Louis for storage in his personal Holtzman Hall of Fame. But Blue Moon Odem was really blue, as who wouldn't be with a 1-7 record? The Rangers, 12½ games back, were the only club on the division out of contention.

CIN 24-14 CAL 22-16 KC 24-20
MINN 21-16 OAK 22-21 TEX 19-27



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OUR COUNTRY'S GASOLINE SHORTAGE

A PROGRESS
REPORT FROM
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THE GREAT AMERICAN APPETITE.

America has a tremendous appetite. Not just for food, but for the natural resources that produce energy—gas and petroleum.

And we're running short of them, because the country is growing so fast, and using up its currently available resources even faster. People call it the Energy Crisis, and the current gasoline shortage is part of that crisis.

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Also, we want you to know we're working on new refining and conversion processes and new pipeline capabilities that will increase our output even more. And we're intensifying our search for crude oil to supply our refineries. This year, Standard and its affiliates will spend more on expansion, exploration and crude oil production than in any year before.

We wish we could say we'll solve the problem soon—and all by ourselves. But we can't do it alone. We need everyone's help. In the oil industry. In business. In government. And in every walk of American life.

WHAT YOU CAN DO.

If every American used just one gallon of gasoline less every week, there wouldn't be a shortage.

And there are many ways you can cut back. Walk a little more. Many times you can walk to the store when you have small purchases to make.

Form car pools. You and your neighbors probably go to a lot of the same places separately. Why not go together? To work. To the train. Even to meetings, parties and get-togethers.

Combine trips. Plan ahead so you don't have to make separate trips to the cleaners, and the drug store, and the grocery store.

Keep your car in top shape. A poorly tuned engine can reduce your gas mileage up to 10%.

Slow down. If you drive 50 miles an hour instead of 60, you can save about one gallon in ten. And take it easy when you start up. Jackrabbit starts eat up gasoline, too.

In summary, the gasoline shortage is no one individual's fault, but a combination of events. And it's up to all of us to find the solutions. And effect them.



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The Evidence:



Exhibit #1: Here you see the new Trials 125 traversing a rock field. (Typical of tortuous Trials courses.) Note the extra ground clearance and strong steel skid plate for undercarriage protection. Very clever.



Exhibit #2: Now, in this unretouched photo, you witness the almost unbelievable balance you will see the Trials 125 in action. Just imagine, if it of the Trials 125 can cross this size log, how will help an expert cross this size log, how it will aid the beginner first time up.



Exhibit #3: Finally, we follow the new Trials 125 down a woodland trail. The exhaust system is tucked in and so quiet the famous Honda four-stroke engine seems to purr. Skeptics are invited to listen.

The Verdict:

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HONDA
From Mighty to Men, Honda has it all.

The Waikiki Rod and Gun Club is a somewhat amorphous group of 25 or so sportsmen who play a lot of golf and meet 11 times a year to exchange lies about past conquests, to brag about future exploits and to share a few friendly drinks. (This last activity has moved one of the members' wives to call it "The Waikiki Rotten Gun Club.") In the 12th month the WR&GC actually turns talk into action and goes fishing and hunting.

That is why a fortnight ago members and wives of members, and guests and wives of guests, moved over to the Kona coast of the big island of Hawaii for a 12th-month weekend, an occasion described in an invitational brochure as a "20th-century renaissance of gentlemanly skills and values. Plying the blue waters of the Pacific in search of marlin. Hunting swift-footed game in the Hawaiian wild. Golfing (also occasionally in the Hawaiian wild)." The invitation identified the event as "The Kona Invitational Olympiadd," and proclaimed: "It's a tradition." (It is—the club had done it once before.) Points, it was explained, would be awarded for performance in three events: fish by pounds, game by inches (horn curl) and golf by net strokes.

As headquarters for this weekend of roughing it, the club chose the new multimillion-dollar Kona Surf Hotel, a luxurious resort snuggled between the 2nd and 3rd holes of the Keauhou-Kona Country Club. However, the prime movers behind this unique triathlon, Allan Starr, head of a Honolulu advertising agency, and Harry Meyer, an Oahu millionaire who is described as the "sort of" president of the WR&GC, had no intention of allowing the members and guests to loaf away their stay among the Kona Surf's sybaritic pleasures. For the fishing competition they had engaged the services of Bart Miller (SE, Aug. 16, 1971), who all but owns the Pacific Ocean. A second group would fish aboard the *Blue Hawaii*, owned by actor and club member Lee Marvin, who happened to be off on location. Gene Ramos, spiritual proprietor of Hawaii's most neglected volcano, Hualalai, would guide one hunting group and Ron Ostrander the other.

The fishing came first, and the four fisherpersons who had drawn Miller's



So it's bottoms up and off they go as the members of the Waikiki Rod and Gun Club make their annual effort to live up to their name

Here's to an Olympiadd

Christel approached their assignment warily. They all knew their captain's reputation: Black Bart, the man who killed a world-record 111 marlin last year, often called Captain Midnight because he has been known to refuse to return to dock without a fish aboard, a consummate professional who sometimes uttered menaces, as the British say, if an angler faltered at rod or reel. The competitors got an additional shock when they boarded *Christel* at 7 a.m. on a cloudy Friday. Black Bart, who had looked like a choirboy in earlier published pictures, now looked like Black Beard, a clear case of nature imitating image. "I thought these people wanted to fish," he seethed through his whiskers as *Christel* headed for the grounds. "Should've gone out about five o'clock. Be lucky if we get a strike now. No marlin around, anyway. We'll try for ahi."

Miller ran south toward Kealahou while his two crewmen, moving with the

speed and precision of 17th century sailors who know the plank is just one mistake away, rigged the 130-pound-test lines and attached the lures, which went into the water at 8:30 a.m. Despite the captain's gloomy prophecy, the first strike came in exactly 75 seconds. Stewart McCombs, a lanky ex-Air Force jet pilot who now is Starr's partner and executive vice-president of their agency, had drawn the first half-hour in the fighting chair.

"It's an ahi, and a big one!" Miller yelled from the bridge. The ahi promptly sounded, as tuna usually do, and the arduous reel-and-pump haul-up began. In 15 minutes the fish was visible behind the boat. It was swimming strongly and ready, it abruptly became clear, to break all the rules of proper ahi behavior. Its yellow fins flashing, it moved slightly to port and then tried to outrun the boat. Before this curious drag race ended five minutes later, Miller had gunned *Christel*.

continued

rel almost to full speed. "That was the hardest-fighting ahi I've ever boated," Miller said, once the big fish had been hauled aboard.

"Hardest one I ever fought," McCombs panted. "Of course, it was the first one."

Marcia Murchison, the blonde wife of Grant Murchison, 32-year-old president of a Honolulu construction company, was in the chair when strike No. 2 came at 9:41 a.m. Before she was quite positioned, the fish—another big ahi—almost took her overboard with its first run, but then it more or less surrendered. She had it at gaff in six minutes—a big fish, but not as big as McCombs'.

Now Grant Murchison was up, a veteran who has competed in the International Billfish Tournament and last year won the first WR&GC Olympiad hunting championship. It already had proved a good day for Marcia, but it was to be the first of three bad days for Grant. A meticulous sportsman, Murchison waited out a precise 30 minutes without a strike and then woke up the last competitor, Henry Wilks, a Honolulu businessman who was sound asleep in the salon. Wilks was still rubbing his eyes when an ahi struck just seconds later, and he had it aboard in less than five minutes. That was the end of it, but it was enough—McCombs' ahi weighed 186 pounds, Marcia's 162 and Wilks' 124. Although Ben Cassidy Jr., a retired Air Force brigadier general, got four mahi-mahi (dolphin) on *Blue Hawaii*, their combined weight did not even equal Wilks' ahi. Captain Midnight rode again.

The Pacific had been almost as peaceful as the carpeted floors of the Kona Surf, and the only serious exertion required of WR&GC members through Friday night had been McCombs' 20-minute fish fight. But Saturday was to be different. Hualalai Volcano, rising so gradually from the Kona savannah that most round-the-island tourists do not even know it is there, has teeth like a tiger shark once one moves above the ohia tree rain forest that encircles it. That morning Grant Murchison got his second bad break—the luck of the draw put him, along with Dr. Grover Liese, a Honolulu radiologist, in a land cruiser guided by Ostrander, a partner of Woodson Woods in Hawaii Trails, the safari company that dominates island hunting. Os-

trander knows the trails up, down and around Hualalai but as a relative newcomer from California he has not yet developed Gene Ramos' sixth sense of where the rams and billies are. Ramos was born in a village at the foot of Mauna Kea and has hunted the mountains since childhood.

Hualalai, with its 8,271-foot height, might be considered a disadvantaged mountain—Mauna Kea is a mile higher, so is Mauna Loa and it has not erupted in more than 100 years. It offers no tourist inducements or amenities, as does the Mauna Loa-Kilauea caldera area, which is a national park. The trails to the top of Hualalai, all of crushed lava, proceed smoothly at first through the rain forest, thence into a depleted mamane forest decorated with the flame puffs of lehua trees, and finally into a moonscape of jumbled rock and cinder cones, the latter dotted with clumps of pukiaue, a kind of grayish-green withering-to-white bush that is the Hawaiian equivalent of Southwestern sagebrush. Most of the mountain's 3,000 feral sheep, imported 200 years ago, range at the 5,000-foot level leaving the dizzy heights to the 10,000 feral goats. The sheep and goats descend at intervals to feast on mamane leaves (they are endangering the forest, and even vegetarians applaud the shooting of the goats). Around the summit are a dozen or more craters, some so deep their floors cannot be seen without a risky descent down nearly sheer walls.

The WR&GC ascent of the mountain began on the south flank, with Ramos taking his two hunters—Stew McCombs and Henry Wilks—north along one of the lower trails and Ostrander heading upward toward the summit. Shortly before noon the Ramos cruiser flushed the first flock of sheep, and Wilks—shooting from about 100 yards—dropped what turned out to be the prize-winning ram, an animal whose single horn curl measured 28" from skull ridge to tip. Later in the day, and from 200 yards away, Wilks also got the biggest goat, a black billy with horns measuring 18". Meanwhile, Stew McCombs downed two slightly smaller goats and, toward evening, got a ram, but one with horns that did not equal Wilks' trophy. Ostrander's party had a few difficult shots at goats, and in late afternoon one good—but unsuccessful—crack at a ram. Near sunset,

as the Ostrander cruiser descended the north flank, dozens of wild turkeys flushed or casually strutted aside (turkeys are hunted only one day a year on Hawaii, and they apparently know which day). There also were occasional furies of chukars and francolins. "Next time I'll come up here to shoot turkeys and I'll be butted to death by a ram," Grant Murchison said dejectedly.

On the WR&GC scorecard, Stew McCombs now had 160 points (100 for the heaviest fish, 60 for the second-best ram); Henry Wilks had 140 (biggest ram, third-best fish); Marcia Murchison had 60 points for the second-best fish. "The winner of the Kona Olympiad will be decided on the playing fields—er, fairways—of the Keauhou-Kona Country Club," Allan Starr declaimed, a declamation that certainly would have made Papa Hemingway snort obscenities. That evening the competitors lingered a long time over dinner at the Kona Surf—all save one, that is. Henry Wilks got up from the table, leaving a duck pearita (passion fruit, orange, pineapple, papaya, cognac and sherry) untouched on his plate. "Henry's training for tomorrow's golf match," somebody said, and everybody laughed. Not the last laugh.

The next day a fresh 10-handicapped Henry Wilks shot an 85, giving him a net 75. Either the mountain or the dinner had taken too much out of Stew McCombs, a seven-handicap golfer who was three down to his wife at the 9th hole and finished out of contention. At the awards luncheon that concluded this great traditional event Henry Wilks rose unchallenged to the top level of the Olympic-style stand, his 200 points (first in hunting, third in fishing, and second in golf) assuring him of the gold—well, it was really wood—medal. Stew McCombs took his place on the lower level, second with 160 points accounted for by best fish and second-best ram. But the big surprise was the third-place winner, a youthful, red-haired Honolulu accountant named Peter Vardone, who had neither touched a rifle nor cranked a reel the whole three days. All Vardone had going for him was a 25-stroke golf handicap, and his gross 95 and 70 net gave him 100 points.

So much for rods, guns and low handicaps. So long, Bart. So long, Gene. So long, Papa.

END



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It all started back in 1809 in England with the first running of the Two Thousand Guineas, a pre-Derby test for 3-year-olds in April at the distance of one mile. This was followed in June by the 1½-mile Epsom Derby and in September by the St. Leger Stakes at a mile and three-quarters. The British considered a thoroughbred a true champion if he could carry off a sprint victory in the spring, win the Derby and handle a marathon in early fall. No horse wore this English version of the Triple Crown until 1853 and since then only 15 horses have managed the feat, the last being the late Charles Engelhard's Nijinsky in 1970.

Today U.S. racing is up to its hocks in Triple Crown talk and not all of it centers around Secretariat and what he might or might not achieve in the Belmont Stakes on June 9. With this week's running of the one-mile Metropolitan Handicap at Belmont, Riva Ridge and Key to the Mint renew a rivalry that carries the East's handicap division through the first leg of its own Triple Crown. That battle continues in the mile-and-three-sixteenths Brooklyn Handicap on July 4 and then in the Suburban Handicap at a mile and a quarter on July 21. While it may seem surprising that only eight colts have won the Triple Crown (Kentucky Derby, Preakness and Belmont) since Sir Barton got the act started in 1919, it is even more remarkable that in 80 years only three older horses—Whisk Broom in 1913, Tom Fool in 1953 and Kelso in 1961—have accounted for the Handicap Triple Crown.

But wait, let us not ignore the girls, and one especially, a California-bred 3-year-old filly named Windy's Daughter who, exactly one week after Secretariat runs at Belmont, will attempt to capture the Coaching Club American Oaks and complete the Triple Crown for fillies. If she can do it she will join Dark Mirage (1968) and Shuvee (1969) as the three who have.

Windy's Daughter is well on her way to doing what another filly was expected to do this year. Last fall Canada's La Prevoyante, whom many thought to be the equal of Secretariat, reeled off 12 straight victories and was considered so good that there was talk of her tackling the colts in the Derby instead of galloping to a sure-fire win in the Kentucky Oaks.

But racehorses do more of their ma-

turing between the ages of two and three than at any other stage of their active lives and, unlike Secretariat, a champion at two is not always the best at three. A few years ago Moccasin was virtually unbeatable at two, but then slackened off to become a disappointment the following spring. Something similar happened to La Prevoyante. She has won but two of four races this season, and in her last, the Kentucky Oaks, finished five lengths behind the winner, Bag of Tunes. She has now gone back to Canada, where, with rest, she may return to form in time to take on the colts in the Queen's Plate on June 30.

Overlooked almost everywhere but in her native California while La Prevoyante was writing records in the East was another filly, the gutsy chestnut daughter of the sprinter Windy Sea. She may not have won 12 in a row, but Windy's Daughter did win seven straight to finish the year undefeated, and now on June 16 she could well make some history of her own.

Windy's Daughter (whose dam, Fleet Judy, is by Fleet Nasrullah) was bred by racetrack caterer Harry Curland and is owned by his daughter, Mrs. Paul Blackman, whose small stable is in the hands of Trainer Tommy Doyle at Hollywood Park. At Belmont, Windy's Daughter is trained by Laz Barrera, and she has responded perfectly to his careful program for her. Early on most horsemen suspected the filly would be incapable of going a distance, but Barrera, assisted by exercise boy Eddie Deas and jockey Braulio Baeza, gave her special treatment that has led to unexpected results. Deas, who regularly rode Canonero last fall in preparation for his track-record performance

of 1:46½ in the Stymie Handicap, was instructed by Barrera to try and build up Windy's stamina with long, slow gallops of as much as two miles. Barrera also hoped that such training would tend to cut down the filly's eagerness and retard her early speed a bit.

At Santa Anita last winter in her first race over a mile, Windy was handily beaten by Belle Marie. But later at Aqueduct, after seeing her win the six-furlong Process and lose the seven-furlong Comely to Java Moon, Barrera decided to put her in the one-mile Acorn, the first of the filly Triple Crown races. She led every step of the way and beat Poker Night (who had already defeated both top older fillies, Summer Guest and Numbered Account) by a length. If she could do that against class competition, reasoned Barrera, let's see what she could do in the second leg of the Triple, the mile-and-an-eighth Mother Goose.

Why not? And last Saturday at Belmont under Eddie Belmonte, who was subbing for the grounded Bueza, Windy blew the rest of the field right off the track. Barrelling out of the No. 7 stall, she immediately took the lead and held it when first Java Moon and later Tommy's Girl and Violet tried to take it away from her. Windy still had it at the finish, by a nose, over long-shot Lady Love, who came charging through on the rail to make a thrilling race of it down the stretch.

Not only has Windy's Daughter now won 12 of 15 starts—10 of them have been stakes victories—and \$304,682, she has given California breeding a boost with a victory over some notably bred and promising Eastern fillies. As she crossed the finish line in the stakes-tying record time of 1:48½, the Curland family could note with satisfaction that Windy numbered among her victims daughters of Bold Ruler, Tom Rolfe, Graustark, Herberger, Dr. Fager, Prince John, Vertex and Stage Door Johnny.

"Not bad, was it?" said an excited Mrs. Blackman as she sipped champagne later. "I guess we've got to go for the Oaks next," added Trainer Barrera. "But I've got to slow her down somehow. With her speed she'll never last a mile and a half."

Maybe not, but don't rush to bet against a Triple Crown candidate this year.

END

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GYMNASTICS / William Johnson

And smile, smile, smile

Perhaps it was the kind of occasion that would become ordinary in the future, but last week it was still an odd experience for an average man and a downright shocking one for any devout apostle of the doctrines of doomsday fears that have dominated Sino-American relations for these past 25 years. For there they were, an assembly of gymnasts from the People's Republic of China in Madison Square Garden, perhaps the most American bastion of them all, and everybody was happy.

Other Chinese men and women had preceded them but never to such a setting. The gymnasts were making their first appearance in the free world—and the first stop on a 21-day, five-city tour of the U.S.—in the same Garden where

so many a Knickerbocker and Ranger has fought against the sworn foe from Boston, where Billy Graham has snatched untold thousands from the devil's hot clutch, where Joe Frazier beat Muhammad Ali, where a standard poodle named Acadia Command Performance won the 1973 Westminster Dog Show and where the aroma of the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, suspended for this night of Chinese-American competition, hung like swamp gas in the corridors.

On folding chairs at the edge of the floor sat dignified men and women wearing the dark gray baggy unisex suits of Mao Tse-tung's egalitarian society. From the rafters of the Garden hung the flag of the People's Republic, a scattered

LIU CHUN-LIN POISES PRECARIOUSLY MIDWAY THROUGH ROUTINE ON UNEVEN BARS



circle of gold stars on a huge vermilion field, and beyond that grand red symbol of purest Communism hung electric symbols of purest capitalism—illuminated signs advertising beer, hair tonic, Coca-Cola and automobiles.

From the beginning of a night of untempered cordiality, the Chinese emphasized love instead of war, constantly putting forth the slogan: "Yao nazi, pi-xu, n-erk," which is post-Cold War rhetoric, a Chinese release explained, for "Friendship first, competition second." It was dark and rainy outside, but a surprising crowd of 13,857 was on hand, perhaps half of it New York Orientals. When the teams were introduced, the Chinese, smiling radiantly, marched smartly to the center of the floor. The audience erupted in friendly waterfalls of applause that flowed louder and louder over the visitors, until the cheery Chinese raised their hands and clapped back. Smiles spread everywhere. The Chinese national anthem was played and the entire grinning Garden rose to attention. Then Douglas P. Murray, a genial bearded Sinologist from Yale who is vice-president of the National Committee on U.S.-China Relations, the co-sponsor (with the U.S. Gymnastics Federation) of the American tour, spoke a warm introduction in both English and lilted Chinese. Finally, the two teams swarmed around each other in a display of almost hyperkinetic amiability. There was an enormous amount of fanny-patting, shoulder-squeezing, arm-embracing, finger-interlacing and general all-round international sunshine. The Garden was one large warmhearted Smile Button.

It must be said that no one really knew exactly what to expect of the Chinese as a world force in this sport. Since Mao's revolution won the Chinese mainland in 1949, their gymnasts had remained sequestered behind the Bamboo Curtain. Once, in 1962, the curtain parted briefly and they emerged for a meet among 30 nations in Prague, where they surprised everyone by finishing third. Then they returned to China and did not reappear until last July when they competed in Yugoslavia (and won). They also performed before President Nixon's entourage during his visit to Peking in 1972 and were seen on U.S. television. Gene Weststone of Penn State University, the U.S. men's team coach, said: "I saw them in Prague,



GLAD-HANDING IT AT THE GARDEN GALA

and they were merely competent, but from what I saw on TV last year, they have improved a great deal. They are on a par with our teams—and maybe they are a lot better than that. We really don't know."

Well, the suspense disintegrated almost immediately. The Chinese had not managed to produce a secret formula for building gymnastic giants, nor was there an Oriental Olga Korbut to be unveiled this night. The Chinese men proved to be sound, impressive competitors, not as brilliant as the Japanese, but slightly better than the American men. The women were generally mediocre, a cut below the Americans, who themselves have a so-so reputation when compared with top world-class performers (although the Garden appearances of three U.S. teenagers—Debbie Fike, 16, Nancy Thies, 15 and Diane Dunbar, 14—may be a harbinger of better things to come). When the long evening of competition was over, the Chinese men's team had eked out a marvelously diplomatic victory over the U.S., 164.4 to 164.2, and the American women were judged the winners 111.9 to 109.4.

But the scores really did not matter. Even though there was a mild air of drama to the meet—the men's competition remained undecided until the last gymnast had performed his final giant swing on the horizontal bar—there was not the

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GYMNASTICS *continued*

remotest hint of the kind of bitter rivalry that had marked the recent U.S.-Russia basketball series. Indeed, after each and every single competitive event performed by each and every single American, a covey of Chinese would rush out to embrace, hug, shake hands, congratulate and admire the U.S. contestant for the wonderful thing he or she had just performed. The Chinese did not miss a single chance, not one, so this display occurred perhaps 40 times in the course of the meet. The atmosphere of relentless friendliness was almost oppressive at times, but many scenes were downright inspirational:

There was little Diane Dunbar, from Pleasanton, Calif. grinning with her braces glinting at little Ting Chao-fang, 26, from Anhwei, sharing a chair together and teaching each other how to pronounce each other's names. There was a foul-up in the music for Nancy Thies' floor exercises—twice she appeared at center mat to perform only to have the taped music turn garbled and shrill. At last, after an emergency interpretation, the official traveling pianist for the Red Chinese, a small dignified fellow named Chou Chia-sheng, took his place at the keyboard and, as Nancy performed her complex routines, he watched carefully and composed an extemporaneous arrangement of Western classical music that matched her balletic moves perfectly. It was a magnificent international duet. Nancy received a 9.2 score (out of a possible 10) and rushed to plant a pretty kiss upon the beaming cheek of Mr. Chou while the entire Garden audience rose to its feet in exultant applause.

To top off the night's gentle scenes of good will, the fine American performer, Janette Boyd Anderson, 20, of Seattle, had just about completed a stirring and winning floor routine when she crumpled with a sprained ankle. As she crouched in pain, surrounded by a full complement of concerned Chinese, it was announced that she had won the competition as best all-round performer among the women. And so she stood to receive her award, supported on one side by her teammate Debbie Fike, the runner-up, and on the other by Chiang Shao-yi, who finished third. The symbolism could scarcely have been more theatrical had some kind of Cecil B. DeMille created it.

The tour continued last week to Phil-

adelphia, Tucson, Los Angeles and Seattle and, eventually, Canada, by which time the Chinese should have had full exposure to the inscrutable West. While in New York they took a bus to a Mets-Pirates game at Shea Stadium and serenaded their American hosts with a harmonic, chorale-like rendition of several songs of the Chinese revolution and dedication to the national purpose—as well as a touching rendition of *Home on the Range*. At the game only the delegation leader, Kung Ke-fei of the All-China Sports Federation, who had played shortstop in his youth, and the men's coach, Sung Tre-yu, seemed to fully understand the nuances of what was happening on the field. When he saw that a man was out, Mr. Sung would jerk up his thumb; when a man was safe, he would spread his hands. The Chinese did the full sight-seeing circuit—a boat tour around Manhattan, the circus and the like. To keep in condition they worked out by doing flips, handstands and somersaults in the carpeted corridors of the Biltmore Hotel. In Philadelphia they toured the Campbell Soup factory (but did not sing “Mmmmm good” as reported in local papers there), then visited the Liberty Bell, Independence Square and heard the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra play a very heavy program of Wagner.

So it would go for another two weeks for the gymnasts and, one hopes, so it will be for years to come for ever-growing numbers of visiting Chinese (about 175 have arrived since the table-tennis team's trip last year). One question rises out of their presence here: How soon before the People's Republic will enter real international competition—specifically the Olympic Games? Chinese delegates to the General Assembly of International Federations meeting in Oklahoma City last week had an immediate answer: Not very soon. They flatly refused to seek affiliation with any organization, including the International Olympic Committee. The problem remains Taiwan. “We do not wish to be impolite,” said one, but as long as “the Chiang Kai-shek clique” is involved “we are not in a position to have relationships.”

Too bad. Despite the sweetness and light cast upon the land by a friendly troupe of traveling gymnasts, one is reminded that the world is not really perfect after all—at least not yet.

END



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Robert Rudleigh's motto, 'I pay, I take,' served him well in New York City and exurban Connecticut, but it wilted in the heat—and conflict—of the Florida flats

CONTINUED



homas Skelton thought that Key West was a town he could only take so much of. Without the ocean, he knew he couldn't take it at all. It was one thing to be blanking out on a 40-hour week; and another to be unemployed and in Duval Street at a wrong hour, or in front of the Red Doors on Caroline Street when they came out with the stretcher and the shrimpers wandered into the night to smoke under the stars and look through the ambulance windows. The character with the knife was never out off at the bar. He just scrolled to the Wurlitzer and tried to remember exactly who he was. He played *Orange Blossom Special* to someone down there looking at herself in the Formica who sat and never looked up. In the dreamboat evening of half-time wages the song was finished. The ambulance attendant held a hand mirror to the victim's mouth and tried to remember if he mailed in the guarantee on his air conditioner. The shrimp's eyes filled to *Orange Blossom Special*, which was his anthem. He recalled a childhood in Pascagoula when he'd never stabbed a soul or put the boot to a man who was down.

Then, too, Thomas Skelton could remember when he had been below Key West to the Marquesas on a cool winter day when the horsetails were on a rising barometer sky and the radiant drop curtain of fuchsia light stood on edge from the Gulf Stream. And when he ran back across the Boca Grande channel into the lakes and then toward Cottrell to miss the finger banks, he knew how he would miss Key West on the soft-pencil edge of sea and sky. The city then would seem like a white folding ruler, in sections; and the frame houses always lifted slowly, painted and wooden, from the sullen contours of the submarine base.

On the days when he was roughed up running against the wind in the channel crossings and stopped for a drink to dry off, the up-country girl in a wash dress would offer him Seven Crown and Seven-Up, so that the two of them could soar down Duval in a flood of artificial light, stars and bugs.

Key West was a town where you had

to pick and choose. It was always a favorite of pirates.

The weather broke, streamed away in mackerel clouds, cleared and got hot. He would guide in the morning. He was on Duval Street now. The Conch Train drifted past Sloppy Joe's and a thousand screaming nannies cheered the clanging bell the barmaid rang at them as they passed. In the window of Gomez Plumbing the Christmas display rested on a field of palm leaves: Mary, Joseph and Christ in His manger, entirely fabricated from plumbing parts; the head of Holy Mary Mother of God was a squat chromium faucet; the Christ Child was a lovingly assembled congestion of pipe fittings in a cardboard manger. A simple faith, thought Skelton unkindly, but it is mine.

He had a bowl of *fajade arrachera* at the Cacique and then a double Jim Beam across the street at the Anchor. There were foreign sailors leapingfrogging down Duval Street, squealing and blocking traffic until a huge black police lieutenant scattered them among the side streets. The sun went down and the light came up on the side of the La Concha Hotel.

Skelton wandered over to Eaton Street and sat on one of the benches donated by Mayor Pagy, smoked a Canary Island cigar, waved to people he knew, and worried about guiding. His first clients would be Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rudleigh, Rumson, Conn. Well.

Skelton tried quite earnestly to think about Mr. and Mrs. Robert Rudleigh of Rumson, Conn. He imagined a brick house where Revolutionary War soldiers had fired at the British, a house with grapeshot in the lintels, covered with vines, and into whose front door Mr. Robert Rudleigh went each winter's dusk, carrying an enormous newspaper and wearing a gray coat. "Darling," he would have said to Mrs. Rudleigh, "it is time we had sport." Then the Rudleighs go to the city of New York. They go to a

great brown store where pictures of Theodore Roosevelt and stuffed heads of tigers adorn the walls. A well-mannered lesbian shows them "tropical outfits," which include mosquito netting, a bone-fish rod, a pith helmet, all stapled to a large piece of cardboard upon which has been printed a "tropical scene," the entire outfit protected by cellophane and displayed under a disinfecting ultraviolet light. Rudleigh's motto is, "I pay, I take." The city of New York and the town of Rumson know him for what he is: a marvel in a gray coat who sometimes walks chest deep through snowdrifts to get that enormous newspaper, and who only occasionally breaks a savage work pattern for sport in the tropics.

"Ma'am, you want to hand me that lunch so I can stow it?" Skelton took the wicker basket from Mrs. Rudleigh and then the thermos she handed him.

"I've got plenty of water," he said.

"That's not water."

"What is it?"

"Gibsons."

"Let me put them in the cooler for you then."

"We put them in the thermos," said Rudleigh, "so we don't have to put them in the cooler. We like them where we can get at them. In case we need them, you know, real snappy."

Tom Skelton looked up at him. Most people when they smile expose a section of their upper teeth; when Rudleigh smiled, he exposed his lower teeth.

"Hold the thermos in your lap," Skelton said. "If that starts rolling around the skiff while I'm running these banks, I'll throw it overboard."

"An ecologist," said Mrs. Rudleigh.

Mrs. Rudleigh reached out one hand and bent it back so her fingernails were all on display. She was thinking of a killer line but it wouldn't come.

Skelton knew from other guides he could not let the clients run the boat for him, but he had never expected this. Not on his first day. Now all three of them were glancing past one another with metallic eyes.

This story is an excerpt from "Ninety-Two in the Shade," a novel to be published in July by Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Inc.



Mrs. Rudleigh came and Skelton put her in the forward chair. Rudleigh followed in squeaking bright deck shoes and sat aft, swiveling about in the chair with an executive's preoccupation.

"Captain," Rudleigh began. Men like Rudleigh believed in giving credit to the qualified. If an 8-year-old were running the skiff, Rudleigh would call him "Captain" without irony; it was a credit to his class. "Captain, are we going to bonefish?" Mrs. Rudleigh was putting zinc oxide on her thin nose and on the actual edges of her precise cheekbones. She was a thin pretty woman of 40 who you could see had a proclivity for hysterics, slow burns and slapping.

"We have a good tide for bonefish."

"Well, Missus Rudleigh and I have had a good deal of bonefishing in Yucatan and we were wondering if it mightn't be an awfully long shot to fish for permit. . . ."

Skelton knew it was being put to him; finding permit—big pompano—was a guide's hallmark. He didn't particularly have a permit tide. "I can find permit," he said though, finishing a sequence Rudleigh started with the word "Captain."

Faron Carter strolled up. He knew the Rudleighs, had guided them himself, and

they greeted each other. "You're in good hands," he said to them, tilting his head toward Skelton. "Boy's a regular fish hawk." He returned his head to the perpendicular.

"Where are you people, Cart?" Skelton asked to change the subject.

"They been partying, I guess. Man said he'd be late. Shortens my day."

Skelton choked the engine and started it. He let it idle for a few minutes and then freed up his lines. The canal leading away from the dock wandered around lazily, a lead-green gloss like pavement.

"Ought to find some bonefish in the Snipes on this incoming water," Carter said. Skelton looked at him a moment.

"We're permit fishing, Cart."

"Oh, really. Why, permit huh?"

"What do you think? Boca Chica beach?"

"Your guess is as good as mine. But yeah, O.K., Boca Chica."

Skelton moved the boat slowly on the green tidal gloss of the canal until he cleared the entrance, then ran it up to 5,000 rpm and slacked off to an easy plane in the light chop. He leaned back over his shoulder to talk to Rudleigh. "We're going to Boca Chica beach. I

think it's our best bet for permit on this tide."

"Fine, fine."

"I hate to take you there, a little bit, because it's in the landing pattern."

"I don't mind if the fish don't mind."

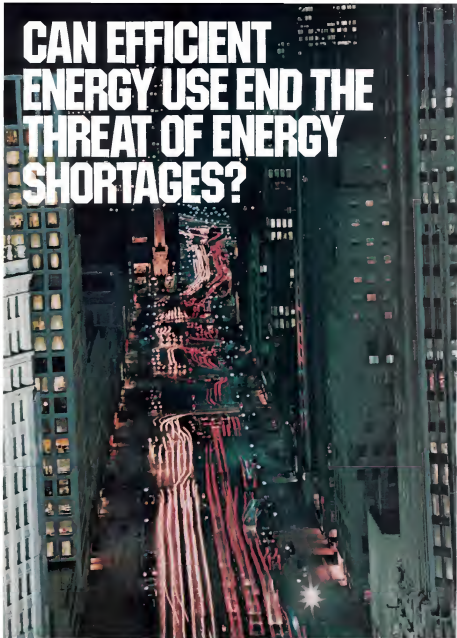
Skelton swung in around by Cow Key channel, past the Navy hospital, under the bridge where boys were getting in some snapper fishing before it would be their own time for the military hospitals; then out the channel along the mangroves with the great white wing of the drive-in theater to their left, with an unattended meadow of loudspeaker stanchions; and abruptly around the corner to an expanse of the blue Atlantic. Skelton ran tight to the beach, inside boatwrecking niggerheads. He watched for sunken ice cans and made the run to Boca Chica, stopping short.

The day was clear and bright except for one squall to the west, black with etched rain lines connecting it to the sea. The great reciprocating engine of earth, thought Skelton, looks like a jellyfish.

"Go ahead and get ready, Mr. Rudleigh, I'm going to pole us along the rocky edge and see what we can see." Skelton pulled the pushpole out of its chocks and got up in the bow. Rudleigh was ready

continued

CAN EFFICIENT ENERGY USE END THE THREAT OF ENERGY SHORTAGES?



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- Try to keep your thermostat setting at 72 degrees. Above that (for heating) or below that (for air conditioning), costs and energy consumption rise significantly.

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The United States will not "run out" of energy in the near future. Nonetheless, all Americans can help conserve our precious supplies.

Moreover, because of the long lead time required to develop new energy sources, we cannot safely delay action that could increase those supplies.

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Price continued

in the stern behind the tilled engine. It took two or three leaning thrusts to get the skiff under way, and then they were gliding over the sand, coral, sea fans, staghorn and lawns of turtle grass. Small cowfish, sprats, and fry of one description or another scattered before them and vanished in the glare. Stone crabs backed away in bellcoise, Pentagonian idiocy in the face of the boat's progress. Skelton held the boat into the tide of the breaking edge of the flat and looked for moving fish.

A few small sharks came early on the flood and passed down light, yellow-eyed and sweeping back and forth schematically looking for something in trouble. The first military aircraft came in overhead, terrifyingly low, a great delta-winged machine with howling, vulvate exhausts and nervous quick-moving control flaps, so close were they that the bright hydraulic shafts behind the flaps glittered; small rockets were laid up thickly under the wings like insect eggs. The plane approached, banked subtly,

and the pilot glanced out at the skiff, his head looking no larger than a cocktail onion. A moment after the plane passed, its shock wave swept toward them and the crystal, perfect world of the flat paled and vanished, not reappearing until some minutes later and slowly. The draconic roar of the engines diminished and twin blossoms of flame shrank away toward the airfield.

"It must take a smart cookie," said Mrs. Rudleigh, "to make one of those do what it is supposed to."

"It takes guts for brains," said Rudleigh.

"That's even better," she smiled.

"Only that's what any mule has," Rudleigh added.

Mrs. Rudleigh threw something at her husband, who remained in the stern, as rigid as a gun carriage.

Skelton was so determined that this first day of his professional guiding be a success that he felt with some agony the ugliness of the aircraft that came in now at shorter and shorter intervals, thunder-

ing with their volatile mists drifting over the sea meadow.

The Rudleighs had opened the thermos and were consuming its contents exactly as the heat of the day began to spread. Skelton was now poling down light, flushing small fish, then two schools of bonefish, not tailing but pushing wakes in their hurry. Rudleigh saw them late and bungled the cast, looking significantly at Mrs. Rudleigh after each failure.

"You've got to bear down," she said.

"I'm bearing down."

"Bear down harder, honey."

"I said, I'm bearing down."

Now the wading birds that were on the flat in the early tide were flooded out and flew northwest to catch the Gulf of Mexico tide.

"It's kind of slow, Captain," said Rudleigh.

"I've been thinking the same thing," Skelton said, his heart chilling within him. "I'm going to pole this out and make a move."

continued

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A minute later he was running to Sad-diehunch, and got there in time to catch the incoming water across the big sand spot. He hardly had a moment to stake the skiff when the bonefish started crossing the sand. Now Mrs. Rudleigh was casting, driving the fish away. Rudleigh snatched the rod from her after her second failure.

"SIT DOWN!"

Rudleigh was rigidly prepared for the next fish. Skelton would have helped him but he knew in advance it would make things worse. He felt that all of his efforts were pitted against the contents of the thermos.

"You hawse's oss," said Mrs. Rudleigh to her husband. He seemed not to have heard. He was in the vague crouch of lumbar distress.

"I can fish circles around you, queen bee," he said after a bit. "Always could."

"What about Peru? What about Cabo Blanco?"

"You're always throwing Cabo Blanco in my face without ever, repeat, ever a word about Tierra del Fuego."

"What about Pallas Bay, Panama?"

"Shut up."

"Seems to me," she said, "that Raul commented that the señora had a way of making the señor look real bum."

A small single bonefish passed the skiff. Rudleigh flushed it by casting right into its face. "Damn it."

"That's just the way you handled striped marlin. Right there is about what you did with those stripes at Rancho Buena Vista."

Rudleigh whirled around and held the point of his rod under Mrs. Rudleigh's throat. "I'm warning you."

"He had a tantrum at the Per Maya Club in Yucatan," Mrs. Rudleigh told Skelton.

"Yes, ma'am. I see."

"UH, CAPTAIN—"

"I'm right here, Mr. Rudleigh."

"I thought this was a permit deal."

"I'm looking for permit. I told you they were a long shot on this side."

"Captain, I know about permit. I have seen permit in the Bahamas, Yucatan, Costa Rica, and at the great Belize camps in British Honduras. I know they are a long shot."

Skelton said, "Maybe your terrific familiarity with places to fish will tell us where we ought to be right now."

"Captain, I wouldn't presume."

A skiff was running just off the reef.

continued

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making sheets of bright water against the sun.

"Do you know what today's tides are?" Skelton asked.

"No."

"Which way is the Gulf of Mexico?"

Rudleigh pointed all wrong.

"Is that a permit?" Mrs. Rudleigh

asked. The black fork of a large permit surfaced just out of casting range—beyond belief, Rudleigh stamped back into position. Skelton slipped the pole out of the sand and began to ghost quietly toward the fish and stopped. Nothing visible. A long moment passed. Again, the black fork appeared.

"Cast."

Rudleigh threw 40 feet beyond the permit. There was no hope of retrieving and casting again. Then out of totally undeserved luck, the fish began to change course toward Rudleigh's bait. Rudleigh and Mrs. Rudleigh exchanged glances.

"Please keep your eye on the fish."

Skelton was overwhelmed by the entirely undeserved nature of what was transpiring. In a moment, the big fish was tailing again.

"Strike him!"

Rudleigh lifted the rod and the fish was on. Skelton poled hard, following the fish, now streaking for deep water.

"God, Captain, will I be able to cope with this at all? I mean, I knew the fish was strong! But honest to God, this is a nigger with a hoof!"

"I'm still admiring your cast, darling."

Skelton followed, watching the drawn bow the rod had become, the line shearing water with precision.

"What a marvelous smooth drag this reel has! A hundred smackers seemed sleep at the time; but when you're in the breach, as I am now, a drag like this is the last nickel bargain in America!"

Skelton was poising after the fish with precisely everything he had. And it was difficult on the packed bottom with the pole inclining to slip out from under him.

His feeling of hope for a successful first-day gawking was considerably modified by Rudleigh's largely undeserved hooking of the fish. And now the nobility of the fish's fight was further eroding Skelton's pleasure.

When they crossed the edge of the flat, the permit raced down the reef line in sharp powerful curves, dragging the line across the coral. "Gawd, gawd, gawd," Rudleigh said. "This cookie is stronger than I am!" Skelton poled harder and at

continued

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Price

one point overlooked the fish as it desperately rubbed the hook on the coral bottom. Seeing the boat, it flushed once more in terror, making a single long howl pour from the reef. A fish that was exactly noble, thought Skelton, who began to imagine the permit coming out of a deep-water wreck by the pull of moon and tide, riding the invisible crest of the incoming water, feeding and moving by force of blood, only to run afoul of an ass from Connecticut.

The fight continued without much change for another hour, mainly outside the reef line in the green water over a sand bottom: a safe place to fight the fish, Rudleigh had soaked through his khaki safari clothes, and from time to time Mrs. Rudleigh advised him to "bear down." When Mrs. Rudleigh told him this, he would turn to look at her, his neck muscles standing out like cords and his eyes acquiring broad white perimeters. Skelton ached from pursuing the fish with the pole. He might have started the engine outside the reef line, but he feared Rudleigh getting his line in the propeller and he had found that a large fish was held away from the boat by the sound of a running engine.

As soon as the fish began to show signs of tiring, Skelton asked Mrs. Rudleigh to take a seat; then he brought the big net up on the deck beside him. He hoped he would be able to get Rudleigh to release this hugely undeserved fish, not only because it was undeserved but because the fish had fought so very bravely. No, he admitted to himself, Rudleigh would never let the fish go.

By now the fish should have been on its side. It began another long and accelerating run, the pale sheet of water traveling higher up the line, the fish swerving somewhat inshore again. Skelton found himself poling after the fish through the shallows, now and then leaning over to free the line from a sea fan. They glided among the little hammocks and mangrove keys of Saddlebunch in increasing vegetated congestion, in a narrowing tidal creek that closed around and over them with guano-covered mangroves and finally prevented the boat from following another foot. Nevertheless, fine continued to pour off the reel.

"Captain, consider it absolutely unnecessary that I kill the fish. This one doubles the Honduran average."

Skelton did not reply, he watched the line slow its passage from the reel, wind-

Continued

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RULES

1. Fill in the official contest entry form with the name of the man and woman you think will win their respective final rounds in the Wimbledon Tennis Tournament. Also fill in your guess of the combined total of the number of games played in the men's and women's finals. All entries become the property of Chrysler Corporation, and none will be returned. Please make a copy of your entry's names and number of games for reference during and after the tournament.
2. Print your name and address on your entry. All entries must be postmarked by midnight June 30, 1973, and received at Contest Headquarters no later than July 6, 1973.
3. Each individual entry must bear a postmark. Only one winner per family. No cash substitutes.
4. Winners will be judged on the following basis.
The three first prizes will be awarded to the persons who correctly name the tournament winners and the actual number of games played in the finals. If more than three entrants correctly name the tournament winners and actual number of games played, a drawing from among all entries containing the correct names and numbers will determine the three first prize winners. If there are not three correct entries, then those naming the tournament winners with the closest number of games indicated will become eligible for one of the first prizes. All other prize winners will be selected by drawing from among all entries.
5. All contest winners will be notified by mail. Winners will be determined by an independent judging organization and will be notified by July 31, 1973.
6. The Chrysler Wimbledon Contest is open to all licensed drivers, 18 years and older, who are residents of the U.S.A. Chrysler Corporation's as well as Chrysler Corporation's Advertising and Promotion agencies, and the judging organization's employees and their families are not eligible.
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Brought to you by your Number 1 Sports Sponsor, Chrysler Corporation.

Price continued

ing out into the shadowy creek, then stop. He knew there was a good chance the desperate animal had reached a dead end.

"Stay here."

Skelton climbed out of the boat and, running the line through his fingers lightly, began to wade the tidal creek. The mosquitoes found him quickly and held in a pale globe around his head. He waded steadily, flushing herons out of the mangroves over his head. At one point he passed a tiny side channel, blocking the exit of a heron that raised its stiff wings very slightly away from its body and glared at him. In the green shadows, the heron was radiant, perfect white.

He stopped a moment to look at the bird. All he could hear was the slow musical passage of tide in the mangrove roots and the low pattern of bird sounds more liquid than the sea itself in these shallows. He moved away from the side channel, still following the line. Occasionally he felt some small movement of life in it, but he was certain now the permit could go no farther. He had another 30 yards to go, if he had guessed right looking at Rudleigh's partially emptied spoon.

Wading along, he felt he was descending into the permit's world. In knee-deep water, the small mangrove snappers, angelfish and baby barracudas scattered before him—precise, contained creatures of perfect mobility. The brilliant blue sky was reduced to a narrow ragged band

quite high overhead now and the light wavered more with the color of the sea and of estuarine shadow than that of vulgar sky. Skelton stopped and his eye followed the line back in the direction he had come. The Rudleighs were at its other end, infinitely far away.

Skelton was trying to keep his mind on the job he had set out to do. The problem was, he told himself, to go from Point A to Point B, but every breath of humid air, half sea, and the steady tidal drum through root and elliptical shadow in his ears and eyes diffused his attention. Each heron that leaped like an arrow out of his narrow slot, spiraling invisibly into the sky, separated him from the job. Sliffs of light in the side channels illuminated columns of pristine, dancing insects.

Very close now. He released the line so that if his appearance at the dead end terrified the permit there would not be sufficient tension for the line to break. The sides of the mangrove slot began to yield. Skelton stopped.

An embowered, crystalline tidal pool: the fish lay exhausted in its still water, totting slightly and unable to right itself. It cast a delicate circular shadow on the sand bottom. Skelton moved in and the permit made no effort to rescue itself. Instead, it lay nearly on its side and watched Skelton approach with a steady, following eye that was, for Skelton, the last straw. Over its broad, virginal sides a lambent, moony light shimmered. The

fish seemed like an oval section of sky—yet sentient and alert, intelligent as tide.

He took the permit firmly by the base of its tail and turned it gently upright in the water. He reached into its mouth and removed the hook from the cartilaginous operculum. He noticed that the suddenly loosened line was not retrieved. Rudleigh hadn't even the sense to keep tension on the line.

By holding one hand under the permit's pectoral fins and the other around the base of its tail, Skelton was able to move the fish back and forth in the water to revive it. When he first tentatively released it, it teetered over on its side again, its wandering eye still fixed upon him. He righted the fish again and continued to move it gently back and forth in the water, and this time when he released the permit it stayed upright, steadying itself in equipoise, mirror sides, once again purely reflecting the bottom. Skelton watched a long while until some regularity returned to the movement of its gills.

Then he cautiously—for fear of startling the fish—bucked once more into the green tidal slot and turned to head for the skiff. Rudleigh had lost his permit.

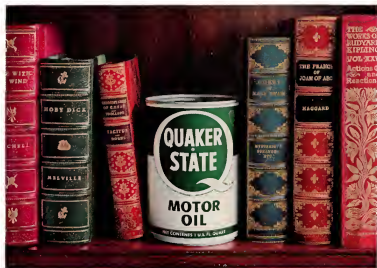
The line was lying limp on the bottom. Why didn't the fool at least retrieve it? With this irritation, Skelton began to return to normal. He trudged along the creek, this time against the tide, and returned to the skiff.

The skiff was empty.

END



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1987: A Managerial Council Has Run Did They Play Bad? An illustration with narration. The author of *Ball Four* does it again. Clones as one of the prospects, and managers, too! (Scribner, July, of John McGraw, Connie Mack, Sam Rice, Dick Williams, and Norman Lary. Illustrated by John McQuinn, \$7.95.)

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014749, 4 vols, 490 pp. *The Sumerian King List* (transl. with *Myth, History, & Chronology*) by J. J. A. van Dijk. Chicago, IL: The University of Chicago Press, 1982. Pp. 490. \$45.00. ISBN 0 226 00474 9.

014844 *Fig. Weigand's Lampyris*.
Horn and Irene M. Horn. The volume
which contains studies of weigand's
lampyris, both the subject of their
dedicated monograph of study.

[illegible]

WU226: Physics, Honors III. Prerequisite: WU225. By lab lecture and Recitation. Physics I, II, and III. Honors students play three weeks of basketball, spend six weeks on special projects, and do an honors thesis.

002499 The Canchey Hall of the Legation, behind the square is the main entrance. The entrance will be closed because the street is closed. Mark spots to visit. However, if they were closed if they were. Entrance of the Legation. page 5-7.

1999). The Phenomenon of 6 years Country Shaking. Although Land is scarce, a new community, the family, is being slowly introduced and produced inside the old community. Land is not an absolute. (Park, Institute, 5th

EPSON Stylus Compact, The Kudos Game The short by the words like for HP and all Stylus for the advanced of price Stylus for the best money for Stylus Photo for

0017-47. William Miller, William Miller and Church of Christ, Providence. This was a copy of one of his conversations with a laywoman, and is his appointment for the following day, Nov. 7.

1993, 201). Illustrations of effects of P. frontalis 10–40 in South America, however, are scarce in the world literature. In Brazil, its effects on *Sapindiaceae* (Chaves 1979) are very similar to those in Italy and Greece (1979).

FRANK When all his family
died in the Holocaust, I was 10. I
lost my father, my mother, my
brother, my sister, my grandparents,
my aunts, my uncles, my cousins.

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WINTER'S RACING (Hill, Man, 1999).
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 comedy, and a deep humanity, of the
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HOW TO: Use Mouth-to-Mouth.
The施救者 will find on the left a Mouth-Feeding Team Member. Mouth-Feeding Team members will be charged with helping to ensure a good mouth-to-mouth with a patient in a mouth-to-mouth way.

BOOKS The *Blackboard* readers, *Morning* and *Evening* (New York: Plume). The second series, still to be written books, covers all parts. Public library, \$6.00.

906781. The Lungs Is. New York

SOUTH MEAT ON THE HORN! *South Meats* by Robert G. Clark and Barbara H. Tinsman. Hardcover. 160 pages. \$14.95. The Washington Bookstore. Pub. for price, \$6.95.

09444 - Theory, Elem. & Adv. II (1)
See also 9441, 9442, 9443, 9445, 9446, 9447, 9448, 9449, 9450, 9451, 9452, 9453, 9454, 9455, 9456, 9457, 9458, 9459, 9460, 9461, 9462, 9463, 9464, 9465, 9466, 9467, 9468, 9469, 9470, 9471, 9472, 9473, 9474, 9475, 9476, 9477, 9478, 9479, 9480, 9481, 9482, 9483, 9484, 9485, 9486, 9487, 9488, 9489, 9490, 9491, 9492, 9493, 9494, 9495, 9496, 9497, 9498, 9499, 9500, 9501, 9502, 9503, 9504, 9505, 9506, 9507, 9508, 9509, 9510, 9511, 9512, 9513, 9514, 9515, 9516, 9517, 9518, 9519, 9520, 9521, 9522, 9523, 9524, 9525, 9526, 9527, 9528, 9529, 9530, 9531, 9532, 9533, 9534, 9535, 9536, 9537, 9538, 9539, 9540, 9541, 9542, 9543, 9544, 9545, 9546, 9547, 9548, 9549, 9550, 9551, 9552, 9553, 9554, 9555, 9556, 9557, 9558, 9559, 9560, 9561, 9562, 9563, 9564, 9565, 9566, 9567, 9568, 9569, 9570, 9571, 9572, 9573, 9574, 9575, 9576, 9577, 9578, 9579, 9580, 9581, 9582, 9583, 9584, 9585, 9586, 9587, 9588, 9589, 9590, 9591, 9592, 9593, 9594, 9595, 9596, 9597, 9598, 9599, 9600, 9601, 9602, 9603, 9604, 9605, 9606, 9607, 9608, 9609, 9610, 9611, 9612, 9613, 9614, 9615, 9616, 9617, 9618, 9619, 9620, 9621, 9622, 9623, 9624, 9625, 9626, 9627, 9628, 9629, 9630, 9631, 9632, 9633, 9634, 9635, 9636, 9637, 9638, 9639, 9640, 9641, 9642, 9643, 9644, 9645, 9646, 9647, 9648, 9649, 9650, 9651, 9652, 9653, 9654, 9655, 9656, 9657, 9658, 9659, 9660, 9661, 9662, 9663, 9664, 9665, 9666, 9667, 9668, 9669, 9670, 9671, 9672, 9673, 9674, 9675, 9676, 9677, 9678, 9679, 9680, 9681, 9682, 9683, 9684, 9685, 9686, 9687, 9688, 9689, 9690, 9691, 9692, 9693, 9694, 9695, 9696, 9697, 9698, 9699, 9700, 9701, 9702, 9703, 9704, 9705, 9706, 9707, 9708, 9709, 9710, 9711, 9712, 9713, 9714, 9715, 9716, 9717, 9718, 9719, 9720, 9721, 9722, 9723, 9724, 9725, 9726, 9727, 9728, 9729, 9730, 9731, 9732, 9733, 9734, 9735, 9736, 9737, 9738, 9739, 9740, 9741, 9742, 9743, 9744, 9745, 9746, 9747, 9748, 9749, 9750, 9751, 9752, 9753, 9754, 9755, 9756, 9757, 9758, 9759, 9760, 9761, 9762, 9763, 9764, 9765, 9766, 9767, 9768, 9769, 9770, 9771, 9772, 9773, 9774, 9775, 9776, 9777, 9778, 9779, 9780, 9781, 9782, 9783, 9784, 9785, 9786, 9787, 9788, 9789, 9790, 9791, 9792, 9793, 9794, 9795, 9796, 9797, 9798, 9799, 9800, 9801, 9802, 9803, 9804, 9805, 9806, 9807, 9808, 9809, 9810, 9811, 9812, 9813, 9814, 9815, 9816, 9817, 9818, 9819, 9820, 9821, 9822, 9823, 9824, 9825, 9826, 9827, 9828, 9829, 9830, 9831, 9832, 9833, 9834, 9835, 9836, 9837, 9838, 9839, 9840, 9841, 9842, 9843, 9844, 9845, 9846, 9847, 9848, 9849, 9850, 9851, 9852, 9853, 9854, 9855, 9856, 9857, 9858, 9859, 9860, 9861, 9862, 9863, 9864, 9865, 9866, 9867, 9868, 9869, 9870, 9871, 9872, 9873, 9874, 9875, 9876, 9877, 9878, 9879, 9880, 9881, 9882, 9883, 9884, 9885, 9886, 9887, 9888, 9889, 9890, 9891, 9892, 9893, 9894, 9895, 9896, 9897, 9898, 9899, 9900, 9901, 9902, 9903, 9904, 9905, 9906, 9907, 9908, 9909, 9910, 9911, 9912, 9913, 9914, 9915, 9916, 9917, 9918, 9919, 9920, 9921, 9922, 9923, 9924, 9925, 9926, 9927, 9928, 9929, 9930, 9931, 9932, 9933, 9934, 9935, 9936, 9937, 9938, 9939, 9940, 9941, 9942, 9943, 9944, 9945, 9946, 9947, 9948, 9949, 9950, 9951, 9952, 9953, 9954, 9955, 9956, 9957, 9958, 9959, 9960, 9961, 9962, 9963, 9964, 9965, 9966, 9967, 9968, 9969, 9970, 9971, 9972, 9973, 9974, 9975, 9976, 9977, 9978, 9979, 9980, 9981, 9982, 9983, 9984, 9985, 9986, 9987, 9988, 9989, 9990, 9991, 9992, 9993, 9994, 9995, 9996, 9997, 9998, 9999, 10000

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WPAW, Principal of Land John Landry. The manuscript for this structure is in the collection on page 10.

RESEARCH: *How 'Nasty' are our 'Spinning Partners'?* The makers of organic soy. Professors will be out in the middle ring. The secrets and remedies will be found, and it will be the

Smith, J. The Wizard of Weymouth
 Haverhill, Mass.: Haverhill Press, 1994.
 128 pp. Pbk. Incl. postcard. \$6.95.

Pharmaceuticals with sales of more than \$1 billion in the U.S. in 2000. The data are sorted by sales of the 10 largest drugs in each company's portfolio. The number of drugs in each company's portfolio is indicated by the number of bars in each group.

**Sports Illustrated
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[illegible]

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Journal

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WHOSE ADVANTAGE?

Sirs,

Thank you very much for your article covering the match between Margaret Court and Bobby Riggs (Mother's Day Mr. Match, May 21). It portrayed Riggs in true form—as a scheming old man. In my opinion the only good thing resulting from the encounter was the "Bobby Riggs Bitch!" buttons.

DAPHNE KARAS

Studio City, Calif.

Sirs,

After reading Curry Kirkpatrick's account of the Bobby Riggs-Margaret Court tennis match, one would think that Riggs won the match by employing supernatural devices. The fact of the matter is that Riggs showed himself to be a superb tennis player. Though Bobby effectively varied the tempo of his shots, on many occasions he returned the ball as hard as or harder than Margaret. And most of the service aces that I can recall were by Bobby, not Margaret.

Whether Riggs could beat Court four out of seven or whether he can defeat Billie Jean King are matters of opinion, but one thing is certain. No woman will ever beat Riggs as decisively as he defeated Court. Why not give the devil his due? Bobby Riggs is one heck of an athlete.

GERRIT E. GILDEA

Okemos, Mich.

Sirs:

Gloria Steinem, get a mop! Betty Friedan, brush up on your browne recipes! Bella Abzug, learn how to sew! While he may not be a male chauvinist hustler, Bobby Riggs is the male chauvinist's male champion, and he has put the world back in its proper order.

WILLIAM E. CARSLLEY

Chicago

Sirs:

I was utterly amazed by your article. I completely disagree with the idea that it was a win for male chauvinism.

On the pro tennis tour, men are considered the harder hitters, and the women tend to have longer rallies. Keeping these facts in mind, Mr. Riggs would seem to have a more feminine style of play than Ms. Court. I am not questioning Mr. Riggs' masculinity or Ms. Court's femininity but in my opinion the "Match of the Century in the Battle Between the Sexes" was won by Riggs using the feminine style of play.

STEVE WASHBURN

Worthington, Ohio

Sirs:

It is interesting to note that Bobby Riggs is now in the same position as the women

players against whom he was originally arguing. His theory was that women players were only 25% of the men and therefore deserved only 25% of the money.

Apparently he will no longer apply this logic now that he can command more money for a single match against a woman than Smith, Laver and Ashe can against their fellow pros. The fact remains that many of the younger men players who are still making only pocket money could beat Riggs in straight sets.

ABBOT M. FRIEDLAND

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs,

Being a feminist and an athlete as well, I watched with interest the tennis match between Margaret Court and Bobby Riggs. Personally, I found the match ridiculous—not because it was played between a man and a woman, but because both men and women were using it as some sort of "contest" between the sexes to determine which is superior. The question in my mind is, who appointed Bobby Riggs as representative of all male tennis players? And since when does Margaret Court represent all the women? Margaret lost not because she is a woman, but because Riggs was smart enough to force her to play his game—which is exactly what any good woman player would have attempted to do against Ms. Court. And as for the theory that men play harder and faster than women, here it was Riggs who had to use tricky tactics against Court's stronger game.

It is rather demoralizing to one of the world's best to feel that she is being toyed with by an eccentric male who is out to prove some obscure—and, so far, unproved—point about sex differences. No wonder Billie Jean King turned him down. She undoubtedly has better things to do—such as play serious tennis.

PAULA KLEIN

Peoria, Ill.

THE ENGLISHMAN'S GAME

Sirs,

Thank you, thank you for the delightful article by John Fowles (*Making a Patch for Cricket*, May 21). It was perceptive, enjoyable, informative and written with flair and discernment (I am also grateful that he did not abuse the word "chauvinist," as has been done these past years, apparently in an attempt to find a new descriptive term for the normal male.)

EDITH LANG BLAKE

Detroit

Sirs

Your story about cricket mentions a Philadelphia, J. B. (Bart) King, and credits him

as the first bowler to use both right- and left-hand curves. My late father was an ardent admirer and close friend of Mr. King and once told me this story about his great skill as a bowler.

In the early 1960s, the Gentlemen of India visited Philadelphia to play a series of matches against a team of cricketers that included King. One member of the Indian team was a prince who was regarded at the time as the world's finest batsman.

King bowled the prince on the first ball, whereupon the prince walked to the opposite end of the crease, reversed his bat, as in a sword presentation, and gave it to King. JOHN HART KNOX

Clearwater Beach, Fla.

Sirs:

At last the heretofore inscrutable game of cricket has been made comprehensible and even appealing. John Fowles' sterling prose was a pleasure to read.

I wonder whether one of your writers will take up the implicit challenge and write an article successfully explaining America's enduring love of baseball to the English.

PETER RICH

Los Angeles

DEMON SPEED

Sirs,

I cannot truly express my interest as I read your article on the Indy 500 and Art Pollard's death (*The Deadly Wrath of Old Man Indy*, May 21). Robert F. Jones did an excellent job of "personifying" the Speedway. I am not an avid fan of the sport, but I could become one now.

BILL WILLIAMS

New Rochelle, N.Y.

Sirs:

It is a crying shame that another human life has been sacrificed for the sake of speed, meaning, of course, the tragic death of Art Pollard at Indy. Not being a race car enthusiast, I hold a very dim view of this "sport." Just what are they trying to prove by attaining a speed of 200 mph? Where are they going at such a blazing pace? My answer is nowhere, and they are going there fast. For my part, I prefer the sport of kings, good old-fashioned horse racing with the class of good thoroughbreds, a la Secretariat.

WILLIAM F. O'BRIEN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

I was very disappointed with Robert F. Jones' article concerning Art Pollard's death at the Indy Trials. I agree that it was very unfortunate that Pollard crashed, but blaming "Old Man Indy" and referring to the

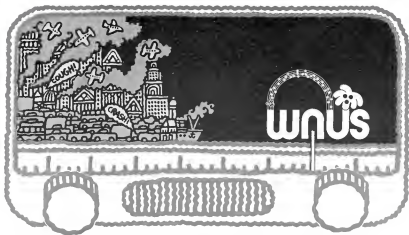
continued



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10TH HOLE *continued*

Speedway as a nasty ogre proudly guarding his domain is wrong. If a race car driver is out to break 200 mph, he must take into consideration all the dangers inherent in such an undertaking.

JIM HUMMEL

Barnington, R.I.

Sirs:

In Robert F. Jones' article it is stated that Johnny Rutherford's time of 43.21 seconds to complete the oval was "roughly, 16 heartbeats short of the big 200." Since the "big 200" means that the 2½-mile oval is circled in 45 seconds or less, this implies that Rutherford's heart rate was, roughly, 16 beats per 21 seconds, or about 4,570 beats per minute. It seems unlikely that Rutherford was *not* excited at the prospect of achieving the "big 200." More likely, Jones mistakenly used 72 beats per second, rather than 72 beats per *minute*, as the average heart rate. The correct result is that Rutherford was—incredibly—only about ¼ heartbeat short of the "big 200."

BACH SELLERS

Sudbury, Mass.

PORTRAIT OF POWER

Sirs:

Neil Leifer has done it again! His photograph of Secretariat winning the Kentucky Derby (*N Was Marder*, May 14) captures the power, grace and authority of this magnificent animal in a manner unrivaled by literary description.

I never cease to be amazed by Leifer's ability, as well as that of the other fine *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* photographers, to consistently catch the essence of an entire event in the flick of a shutter.

JIM BORDONE

Stanford, Calif.

SPORTSMAN ASHE

Sirs:

I would like to comment on the World Championship Tennis final between Stan Smith and Arthur Ashe (*Riding the Crest of a Winning Wave*, May 21). I thought the performance, both on and off the court, of these two fine players was outstanding. Smith's victory over Ashe will be remembered by many for a long time to come, but the part I will remember best will be the actions of the two during the presentation of awards following their final game.

As Smith said, the match ended on a rather sour note as a result of a judge's decision that was questioned by many in the crowd. The debate was whether or not Smith hit the ball before the second bounce. (It was later confirmed by television screens that he had indeed hit it while it was "up," i.e., before the second bounce.) Without benefit of instant replay, however, Ashe responded to the audience's standing ovation by saying that

continued

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10TH HOLE

Smith was a very ethical sportsman and individual and that if Stan thought the ball was up, it was up, and that was good enough for him.

Ashe's remark ended a tense moment and displayed a level of sportsmanship that is attained by few and envied by many. He left the WCT tournament with a lot more than his \$20,000 second-place check. He also took with him the respect of a great many people. Ashe is a champion in his own right.

MARY LYNCH

Rosburg, Ore.

A HIT

Sirs

William Leggett's article (*An Angel Who Makes Twinkles Sog*, May 14) was what I have been waiting for. Nolan Ryan has never gotten serious treatment from any writers. Now that he is with a team that appreciates and takes advantage of a good pitcher, I think he can win 20 and strike out at least 250.

HOWARD GRUNFIELD

Flushing, N.Y.

Sirs

It's about time someone noticed Nolan Ryan's ability to lead a team. He has great potential.

JOHN R. TSCHERNER

Medina, Ohio

ERNE D.

Sirs

I was very pleased to read Barry McDermott's article (*It Was a New Game All Down the Line*, May 14) and not find a glowing report on Ernie DeGregorio's play. My faith in SI was renewed because you refused to be thrilled, as so many newspapers were, by Ernie D. and his game-loving yet crowd-pleasing attempt at patriotic recognition.

J. MARC ROSEN

Honolulu

Sirs

I think Barry McDermott talked too much about the Russians in his recent article. How could he brush by Ernie DeGregorio by just saying his passes brought oohs from the crowd? In my book Ernie D. can do no wrong (even if he did lose the game for us in San Diego). The pros are getting another Pete Maravich. I hope Barry will think a little more about Ernie D. the next time he writes about U.S. vs. U.S.S.R. basketball.

MARC FRIEDMAN

Cincinnati

WOMEN IN TRAINING

Sirs

I commend you for the coverage given in *PHOTO* (May 7) to Ms. Kelly Morron, assistant trainer in the men's training room at Johns Hopkins. However, she is not as un-

usual as you may think. People have begun to recognize the need for female trainers in the rapidly expanding intercollegiate and interscholastic athletic programs for women and girls. As a result, numerous women are now enrolling in athletic training curricula and/or serving apprenticeships in men's training rooms.

Several women already have established themselves in the field and are administering athletic training programs for female athletes in universities scattered throughout the U.S.—Sherry Kosek at the University of Washington, Dot Cohen at the University of Illinois, Claudette DeLamater at Albany State University and Linda Hammen of the Kansas City Recreation Department. Of the 15 universities in the U.S. that offer NATA (National Athletic Trainers Association) approved curricula, five are open to women. The schools are Ball State, Indiana State, the University of Montana, Westchester (Pa.) State College and Western Illinois.

Hopefully, through the efforts of these women innovators the needs of the female athlete are finally being met.

HOLLY WILSON

Certified Athletic Trainer
Women's Physical Education
Indiana State University

Terre Haute, Ind.

CHEER, CHEER FOR OLD...

Sirs

I would like to take issue with Dave Ring's letter, published in the May 7 issue. He says, "Here at Notre Dame practically everyone is a watcher." I too am a student at Notre Dame, and I feel that nothing could be farther from the truth.

A great majority of students are watchers when it comes to varsity football, but that must be expected because of the caliber of play. On the other hand, Notre Dame offers, in addition to other varsity sports, several club sports, including lacrosse, soccer, rugby, crew, boxing and karate. Notre Dame is one of the few colleges in America to have an inter-hall tackle-football program, and we also have inter-hall soccer, basketball, hockey, baseball, swimming, track and softball. There are numerous areas of intramural competition, not to mention the popular "Bookstore Basketball" contest. According to a student survey, 85% of the student body is involved in one or more of the above activities.

I can't imagine a university where students are more active than at Notre Dame. This is not a school for watchers.

THOMAS FORBSTER

Notre Dame, Ind.

ANTIQUE BOATS

Sirs

The article *It's Fall Speed Aween* (May 7) by Hugh D. Whall with photographs by Eric

CONRAD

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19TH HOLE continued

Schweikardt is a masterpiece. It gets the untold story across loud and clear. The photograph of Bob Cox, chairman of the antique boat show, driving *Swansea* on the river at sunset also shows why the Thousand Islands area is so popular for enjoyable summer living and pursuits.

The counterpart to this story is the boom in mahogany, cedar and brass in the classic antique piloting craft—skiffs, canoes and guide boats, just to name a few. Complementing this are the buffs who collect old motors, outboards and marine accessories.

As acting director of the Thousand Islands Museum, by way of being a summer resident, I have also brought a few of my own pet projects to maturity for public display: area dock decoys, the Musky Hall of Fame, Runham canoes and guide boats and research done with John Gardner of Mystic Seaport on the St. Lawrence River skiff (both rowing and sailing), a unique rudderless craft. The first commercial skiff builders started in Clayton, N.Y.—a schooner-building river town.

I was particularly interested in the mention of the skiff once used by Ulysses S. Grant. After following down a few leads, I located this beautiful boat in a garage in Alexandria Bay, N.Y. It had been stolen from Pullman Island and painted blue before it was retrieved by the caretaker. The name "Grant" is on the stern and the boat builder's brass plate remains intact on the forward deck.

HAROLD E. HERRICK JR.
Cedarhurst, N.Y.

Sin:

Cheers for your article on the boat collectors. But you did not mention anything about how a boat runs on naphtha. Most people know that naphtha is an explosive liquid, first cousin to gasoline, and assume that a naphtha launch must have an internal combustion engine.

Not so. In a naphtha launch, the naphtha takes the place of what would be water in a closed-system steam engine. A boiler turns the naphtha into steam (it has a very low boiling point) and sends it to a little compression (steam) engine. The exhaust circulates back through a condenser, where it turns back into liquid and recommences the cycle. Can you imagine *boiling* gasoline and running it through a steam engine?

If you read enough old newspapers or yachting magazines, you will find stories about explosions of naphtha launches. They really lived dangerously in those days.

HAL SPEER
New York City

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Shown here is a 1973 Pinto sedan with optional whitewall tires, accent and deluxe bumper groups

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